



THE PARAGNOST



**M**<sup>Y</sup> FRIEND, Arthur Wintrop, seemed to wear small degrees though he may be, a family of the species that there is no marvel, medieval or human, ancient or modern, that can not be found in New York, as as I call it, the modern Many-Towered Camelot. With the adventures and of a Knight of the Round Table he will search out one of the city's wonders and present it to you with the marbled severity of an accomplished proselytizer.

But on this Saturday night, when I was alone in my apartment, staring list into the face of the once parallel to daisies Saturday night in this great metropolis, he placed me with such assurance of the customary splendor in his voice that I was startled.

"This is an SOS call, Jimmy," he said. "Can you come over right away? Good. Have you got that Tresson silver cigarette case handy? Fine. Bring it with you. Harry."

"Trouble?" said I.

"I want you to get a woman out of my room," he said. "And don't poke around with questions, old man. Just come."

So I went, miffing both until the fantastic towers of Camelot to the Wintrop residence opposite the Museum of Natural History, and when I had gained access to his apartment, I found him alone in a green Shantung smoking jacket. He looked strongly underdressed among the Chinese pots, the phthalated quartz crystals, chandelier earrings and the like that were part of his creature comforts.

He indicated the red silk-covered flask in which he kept the brandy. "Whatever happens tonight," he said, "don't let your cigarette case go anything."

"You're alone, Arthur?"

"Only for the moment. She'll be in directly for light and music my walking stick."

"What have you got hold of this time — a dagger?"

He looked at me with his mind on something else. "A dagger," he said. "A dagger of man

is woman, according to the point of view." He moved away from me and began a customary re-examination of some of the many articles he had brought from distant parts of the north.

He had picked up a small two-carat stone of gold when the door to the private quarters opened and in came a girl of no great beauty but with a personality that reached across the room and gripped me deep where my destiny grew. Of medium height, with a cascade of dark hair to the shoulders and large grey contemplative eyes she was one of those rare creatures who make an action of sex that is at once as subtle as a woman and as simple as a man. She moved to with a smile and an upturn of eyebrows that gave her the look of a mischievous elf. Yet there was dignity and a certain stateliness that was discerning. I can only describe it as an air of playfulness, but only when she chooses.

I couldn't imagine why Wintrop would want to get rid of a creature natural like this, and I was surprised at the offhand manner in which he spoke to her. "This is Jessica Carter," he said, hardly glancing at her. "See Tresson."

When Tresson extended her hand but otherwise paid no attention to me, she was looking at Wintrop with a smile in which there was a touch of a leer, a dash of triumph, a suggestion of incrimination and a few drops of the pure poison of womanly pay. In the face of this cocktail of expressions, the usually severe Arthur seemed unable to meet her eye. He was searching the shelves of the room and suddenly crossed to a small cabinet, taking from it a little green satin box in which glowed a cigarette ruby.

"It's a real pigeon blood from Burma, see," he said to her. "Will you take it?"

She took the stone out of the box and laid it on her lap. From her purse she took a curiosity wrought ring with a single diamond in it and began comparing the two jewels with great intensity. I was astounded at the rapidity in her face. But I was more astounded at sight of that ring. It was Wintrop's. (Continued on page 12)

*Was she a witch, a wanton  
or just a woman?*



and was not only of considerable monetary worth but was of much sentimental value to her, and I knew that only some kind of extreme emergency would make her part with it.

Finally she said, "The ruby is splendid; where, Arthur, but we must be hush about the ring and keep our mouths shut; it's kept 'em secret." Then she laughed outright at last. "Perhaps you'll give me a chance to win the ruby some other time?"

He was obviously disappointed. He put the ruby and its box on the table and turned to me. "Buster," he said, "let her have a look at your cigarette case."

I handed it over and for the first time she looked at me. "Well, then she concentrated on the case. It had been made by an old French craftsman at the long top of ivory capped after Louis Louis. Across middle of a continuous oval of the face of it, being worked around three. Between patch of ivory teeth. The back was plain except for the maker's initials in Paris on one corner. I didn't know what its value was. It wasn't mine."

"French wherever," said Winkley as she, in searching, I knew, like about and Buster would like to know the history of the case. "Maybe you could get your paragonist used to work on it, then. If you'd like to take it to his place—or yours?"

"It's a thoughtful way to get rid of me, Arthur," she said with the such and surprise. "Let me see."

She moved the case with the dog on its both hands and said, conversational, "The personality of the person owner is absorbing the signed history—at least for the moment. She is a blood girl of great energy. I believe you're very fond of her, Arthur. She left it by accident at your apartment some months ago. A party I think. When you discovered it two days later and called her, she told you to keep it for her. She was about to leave the country for some time. I'd need further contact with the case to tell you more." She stopped and looked at me.

I was interested. Betty had left it in my place after a long voyage party before she went to Paris in a harking and asked them to break up her French. I was fond of her but she didn't recognize in the way I looked. I told her then she was dead right.

Winkley was watching me with some interest. "That's a paragon."

He said, "She's one of those people with unusual extraordinary perception. She can quite extraordinary information out of the commonest observation by searching them."

"Not always," said he. "It's a very temperamental gift. If I'm a little excited I can usually get results, but I couldn't guarantee anything of any specific time."

For some reason I was getting excited myself. I thought I might move Winkley and maybe myself at the same time. I suggested my apartment and a lot of supper there to her. "You could study the case at your leisure. I'd really like to know more about it."

She looked at me for a moment with deep contemplation and agreed. Then she looked at Arthur and laughed. "You've got your work," she said. "Don't forget Arthur—let me know when I may be in the ruby."

Winkley raised an eyebrow at me as we left. "I wish you look," he said casually.

At my place, I placed the unusual young lady with black hair and a little flower. There was not together on the chair and she held the case with care for a long time. She didn't glow appeared in her eyes for a moment as if something of especial value yet had changed her. Then she put the case down, lay back against the chair and closed her eyes.

She was completely relaxed and extraordinarily moving. Her eyes of me was probably attended. I began to trouble like an experimental addition. I laid over her and found her with wonder.

She opened her eyes and put her arms around me, leaning with a kind of restless confidence that drew me really to a height of wild, sexual excitement. I began to tremble in my arms.

"Three places of time, Arthur," she said, pushing me gently back. "I'd like to have that cigarette case of yours." She said it softly so it was, nearly whispered.

"It's my case to give," I told her. "I have other things." "That is not a commercial proposition, Arthur," she said with a gentle discourtesy. "I'll make a bet with you. I'll let you make love to me in any way you want to. I want more; just agree to let me speak whenever I wish. If you succeed in loving me—you owe me nothing. If I manage to lead you off—"

"Merely to talking?"

"That will be my only weapon. If I lead you off, you give me the case. You agree?"

It was an odd bet. I knew I shouldn't bargain with someone else's property, but I was here with about and I didn't see how I could lose under these conditions. I agreed, meaning to get out that old cigarette case. I put the case on her lap but, meaning me that I'd get it back if I won. What really drove me was the intense feel that she lay back there, on a lower level than mine, all yielding and available and so completely available. That and her promise not to allow any to anyone else could talk as much to the mind—as it wouldn't be long before I changed her.

She wasn't wearing any bra and I was favored with the strange delight of bodily exploration when she began to speak in a kind of unconscious chant.

The last guest was introduced to the choice life. Gerson was a money loving machine with an unconsciously religious figure, rather than legs and a heavy made on her upper left thigh.

"What the devil?" said I. I stopped my exploration for a moment.

"She had a property dominating in a woman," murmured she. "She had a sense of the refinement—a white-dotted desire. She was very appealing to your domination. She laughed—I was just her movement—when you pressed the upper of her chest and lost your patience. You sit at the lower level of spirit but there is a lot more ground of love to discover—you think. Now it's really much to control to be a good girl. You undoubtedly want a kind of about on her waist — it makes a threatening sound that is quite enough to test French—she's giggling like a piffy."

I turned up a little and stared at her. She was looking up into the fire corner of the ceiling. She was back a month in the past a new machine. She was an actual witness to one of our most moral and suggested private sessions. It was a highly dominating, long business to me otherwise. My desire began to drive away. I said to her "Well and damnation" and didn't know what to do. I certainly had not expected anything like this.

She was not finished yet. "You are still a determined male in the spot."

(Continued on Page 64)



By STANLEY PALLEY

ONE OF THE MOST controversial movies of this or any other year is unquestionably the French study in sensuality that has been presented under its original title *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* (*Dangerous Connections*).

Directed by Roger Vadim, the director and ex-husband of Brigitte Bardot, it caused such a furore when first released that the French government withheld the export license required for sale abroad. This of course didn't hurt the picture's commercial success one whit during its first showing on the Champs Elysees. After about two years the government reluctantly granted the license, and the movie now continues to stir up critics

## LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES

*France's masterpiece on seduction*





Among the women it is whom I have among the role of door I never met one who was not in sight to receive or I felt to compare.

and actresses around the world.

The novel on which the movie is loosely based was written in the eighteenth century by an artillery general, Choderlos de Laclos and he wrote an immediate novel de roman, dit. Many literary critics have called it a masterpiece. Others have called it a dictionary of sex an elaborate treatise on seduction and a broader barometer.

Essentially it tells about a man, the Vicomte de Valmont and his relations, the Marquise de Merteuil who make a strange pact between them. Valmont will engage in the seduction of young women and while he allows no the lady eventually Valmont gets caught at his own game by falling in

love and it all ends quite tragically—and morally—with him killed in a duel and the Marquise fleeing abroad.

In the movie version, Valmont and the lady (now called simply Juliette) are a married couple (which makes things even worse). Both he and Juliette are competitive seducers and get their kicks out of telling each other about their conquests. However, here they are the main problem of an innocent young girl because she has become engaged to one of her lovers and Valmont is seducing her. He won't agree and at first is successful but eventually he has met Merteuil, a lovely French woman, with whom he has fallen in love. His plan to seduce Juliette and marry Merteuil

This is not part of the past and but the most talented of his characters make Merteuil a seducer which obviously comes from Valmont and makes it appear that he has specially used Merteuil like he has used all the other women he has seduced. Merteuil loses her mind. Valmont is killed in a nightish brawl and Juliette is burned and disfigured when she tries to get rid of Valmont's a disgusting letter that she wrote.

In fact the novel, the movie film comes to a highly melodramatic ending.

In spite of having mentioned in the movie only which says that real men is provided, Valmont anticipated sex, perhaps maybe in the United States. Upon debarking in New York for the premiere of the film, he stated that the picture would be shown in its original version or not at all and that he would not cut out one single thing from it. The expected opposition developed and when the censor got tough Valmont elegantly solved the problem by stating by the letter of his commitments if not by its spirit he did this by declaring the part in the controversial scenes so that they are hardly visible to the eye, doesn't. That the censor agreed to, apparently on the theory that what the public can see only at the cost of excessive systems was! Just then.

This episode was the original point in Paris and now at least all you to see what you are presumably missing. One since that now looks as if it took place in a dark tunnel at midnight shows Valmont's seduction of the innocent Claire. It takes place in a chamber in an elegant drawing room. The look of the chair takes the other into its part but not so completely that we are deprived of visual access to Valmont's polished technique. In another scene which takes place after his conquest of the lovely Merteuil he is shown at bed, he looks on her face breath, seeing from his own point. In all, neither he nor Claire's nude body and otherwise as an actress while making a place to call.

Generally a successful movie has the effect of stimulating the sales of the book on which it is based. As an exception, English editions of the movie, Les Liaisons Dangereuses is coming out so we go to press, but in the meantime we have called from the original French novel and kindly translated those passages which had



"I hope that my adventure with little Guido will be remembered as the true color. Since I am not sure I shall not relate the details of that which took place last night, but I can truly say that I was quite satisfied with myself."

and up the author's thoughts about love, women and the art of seduction.

"I shall not go to heaven and no piece of mind until I possess the woman whom I love and have with equal fury."

"What are you proposing? That I seduce a young girl who has been wronged, leaves nothing and will be turned over to me afterwards as a wife who will become drunk with my compliments and will listen towards her out of curiosity? Twenty other men could succeed as easily as I."

"Since I am not sure I shall not relate the details of that which took place last night, but you know me and I can say that I was quite satisfied with myself."

"I hope that my adventure with little Guido will be remembered as the true color. Since I am not sure I shall not relate the details of that which took place last night, but you know me and I can say that I was quite satisfied with myself."

(Continued on Page 58)



"I believe that the girl's heart which will definitely choose death is not."

It seems that a woman who agrees to tell about love will finally succumb to it."





"Beylitz"

MICHAEL LAY



# THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK of LOVE



A novel reserve system that adds interest upon withdrawal

THE FRENCH HAVE an expression, "se faire le culot" or "embarrassment of riches" which refers to the plight of the man who finds himself with too much of a good thing, or perhaps I should say too many good things in the way of feminine companionship.

The problem is not one that's restricted to the great leviers; it happens to most guys at some time or another. And then through the other end of the stick, the day comes that lets down the livestock of because less women come or later—the time when a man just can't come to meet up a pretty gal anywhere so much less hard to a thing. The phrase for this situation is "the dog days."

The dilemma of being caught at either the end of these two extremes is described by a line familiar to all bachelors—"It's either frost or famine!" That can often take the tale. The pleasure of an unobstructed supply and demand can brighten any man's love life.

But there is no answer that can solve such problems. What we need is a Bank of Love, an institution where a fellow with a surplus of girls can deposit the extras, then tap the vault the dates later when he runs short of female companions. It would be a clearing house for old romances with a very personal loan service for the lonely.

The Bank of Love would do away with some of the major ills that afflict mankind,

such as repeated bedbugs, sleepless nights, all that required worrying about meeting the wrong gal at the wrong time at the wrong place with the wrong "other person," and in business transactions while running from one apartment building to another on cold winter nights.

Don't laugh, I'm serious. Wouldn't it be desirable to have a bank to save and use for the deepest most valuable treasure man can have? Think of the benefits to society, even to women. The possibilities are almost boundless. Imagine there a man with a bank so good he little black book is about full of great numbers that he never to himself has sighed at regret that he couldn't be a man back at once. Think of the waste we can avoid with a love bank.

After extensive research I am convinced that if we can get this institution going we will have solved practically all of society's major sociological problems short of disarmament and the way women goes up when a TV commercial comes on.

Of course the bank must be set up and run in a well regulated, careful manner. A depositor must be able to withdraw more than he has put into the bank. And naturally the girls themselves must be kept out of our institution. The lady guy who is copying a hyperactive social scene and has more girls

Can he can handle can make a deposit of one or more of his notes by filling out a deposit slip giving all the pertinent information on each girl — her physical description, character, age, experience, drinking habits, notes and talents and the operating expenses required to keep her healthy, happy and cooperative. He will also supply her address and telephone number and arrange a smooth introduction and tactful transfer of her to one of the bank's officers.

She will not be kept idle there. She'll be kept happy. When the depositor wants to make a withdrawal he will get a girl of equal value or several girls whose total value is equal to his deposit if he put in an exceptional girl.

For instance, if he deposited a couple of healthy, personable looking, amiable girls who are inexperienced, and an experienced, fast young, downy and left them all in the bank for a couple of seasons so that he had some accumulated interest, he might be able to draw out one that would interest a girl.

On the other hand, if an over-worked man about seven deposited a really good looking brown who had her own car outside and had had a touch of syphilis, and could also cook, he could probably get three or four average girls back when he had gotten a rest and was ready to draw on his account.

Sound business sense, standards, taste and tact would of course form the bank's operating principles in the bank. And, the way other banks, this depository of women would deal only with sound, vital types. The kind of things mentioned as going out and making attractive new acquisitions for themselves. After all, nobody has to have capital to open an account at a bank or a good credit reference to get a loan.

There coming in for loans from the bank of love would have to establish their credit rating so that it was clear that they were safe risks. If they had good records as the girl student and were clearly capable of making back what they borrowed and also working up extra interest they would get the loan to help them over the "dry" season. Is it for a day a week or what have you.

A Christmas club plan could also be worked out for great savings in deposits and for special holiday benefits. If all those with accounts at the bank deposited their current holding during the last part of December and withdrew new additions girls for each party during the holidays, no gift to girlfriends would be necessary. Thing of this savings! And the season's spirit (courtesy New York's

For said Long from Old Canada and such) would provide the necessary means for quick raising and immediate results. So there would be no loss of interest. The variety of having a different date for each of the get together or savings taking place during Christmas would be a new holiday device.

The Bank of Love clearly has so much to offer that it could provide solutions to almost all of the hard problems between the sexes. It could eliminate prostitution, reduce divorce and married time to social life, and be the equalizer that put a couple in every bed and a well-worn back seat in the car in every garage.

Both male and female would profit from the love bank. For instance, the quiet, unget-at-a-time type fellow would never have to reach the point where he and the girl, a similar type, were tired of each other but stuck with the other, each being afraid of a long barren season without any one at all if they broke up. But with the Bank of Love, no such danger. Boy deposits girl and uses his credit to get another one and girl is taken out by a different subscriber to the system.

The bank's setup would offer great advantages to the traveler especially the traveling salesman who is always crossing state lines. When a guy arrived at a strange town alone and had no contacts, he'd merely head for the local branch of the bank and use some of the credit he got for depositing the girls he left in the town he came from. Thus there would always be a new supply of female company available in a strange town, the girl he left behind would not be lonely, and he would have eliminated the cost of bringing a girlfriend along, and also eliminated the risk of transporting her across a state line with the health and blooded diseases boys' attention which constitutes a violation of the Mann Act.

Since our version of a bank does not deal in anything as cold and cruel as money, the officers and other employees will have to get their wages on a sort of barter system, in this case the deposits in the bank. But since all concerned will be paid on an acceptable commodity, which has a comparatively high interest, there should be no problem about keeping the whole enterprise functioning.

(Every effort will be made of course to keep all such as legal as possible.)

I have not worked out this plan for a Bank of Love without numerous probing questions and a lot of thought. I have talked to bankers and to other chaps who had accounts at

(Continued on Page #14)



# MONSIEUR

## LAZY LOVERS

How to  
succeed  
without  
really  
trying

## THE PEPPERMINT STRIPED BLONDE

## LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES

France's  
masterpiece on  
seduction

## DALI'S WILDEST PAINTING

## ARTICLES FICTION HUMOR CARTOONS

and the ...  
most  
beautiful  
girls in  
the world





# THE

What happens  
when a  
rotated mind  
meets up  
with a twisted  
body?

KRUEGER KNEW HE shouldn't be drinking hard liquor, but by now he didn't give a damn. The night lay before him, bracing within it the dangers as foolishly impulsive steps he would take, inevitably, whenever he drank any beverage stronger than light wine or beer. Krueger didn't give a damn because already he was drunk — drunk in that special hard liquor manner of his when only his breath betrayed the fact of his drinking — until his lines of concentrated attention, during which he would do or say things he always regretted subsequently. It was too late now to cure Krueger was concerned with doing. A cool summer night in San Francisco electricity in the air, the promise of excitement steaming his nerves, Krueger finished the last of his gin bottle of good Scotch, crashed at an cafe as his strong teeth crushed his hair and left the expected guest of his hotel to discover what adventures the night held ready for him — J. H. Krueger, age twenty-seven, married in months, an expectant father and hard-working, possessive appliance salesman. What would it be this time? Twice he had been thrown in jail, once for deliberately running down a traffic policeman in St. Louis, and the second time for entering a Connecticut synagogue and shouting "Hell Hitler!" while holy services were in progress. Of both events Krueger had an unbearably clear and unpleasant memory when sober, and his conscience would dwell on him like an axe when he recalled, dozens of occasions when he had disgraced himself.

## ULTIMATE GESTURE

(Continued on page 66)





# BOTTOMS UP!



BY ROBERT B. MALCOLM

A RECENT SURVEY of some of scientific methodology used the reason for drinking in the latest nation of ours, has convinced me that the approach here goes about the thing in the wrong way, and the results arrived at in some of books reveal a complete failure of purpose.

The reason is simple.

These surveys of drinkers of both sexes were carried out by women investigators while awaiting temporarily sober persons. That is highly unscientific, for no sober guy is going to admit he had reasons for drinking while he is watching his interrogator with a cool, analytical and suspicious mind.

Hence, in order to estimate proper reasons in depth in this important matter, I have produced Malcolm's Method, which simply stated, is the Investigation of Drinkers by a Drunken Wife Drinking.

To put it in layman's language so that even the sober may get the point—the investigator becomes one of the boys while the survey is being carried out.

And I propose to prove that the Malcolm Method is much more productive of true results than the Orthodox Method used by the Institute of Alcohol Studies and other expert bodies. In both cases the results are similar and consisted of putting a questionnaire to become along the lines of the following:

1. Sex.
2. Number of drinks and frequency of both.

3. Do you problem drink?
4. Use of alcohol prior to age ten.
5. Comparison place and type of drink drunk when first tight.
6. Stress on the importance of drinking.
7. Reasons for drinking.

In the Orthodox Method, the chances of getting full answers from the sober subject are 1. I am convinced slim. Take question 1, for example. You may get from such a subject a flat statement as to whether he or she is male/female, homosexual or hermaphrodite. The largest of information that ask that same question of one who has partaken of the game and you see his eyes light up and you will receive a flood of information which will be not only the kind of stuff you really want but which might, if you handle the thing right, give you an address or two of someone to make who will greatly further your survey.

On question 2, ask a man how many drinks he has and he may reveal the implication that he does not lead a moral life. A person under the influence would be honest enough to admit that he doesn't know the meaning of the word and when you tell him it means brother and sister, you will have the pleasure of seeing the rage come clear from his flushed face and he will tell you all about them freely.

On question 3, do you problem drink? the sober man says no, but the other guy is usually honest enough to tell you that he problems like to never being able to get enough to drink. That's reasonable.

In the matter of comparison etc. when first

*In Sweden it's Skoal,  
in Italy Salute,  
in England Cheers. But our  
staggering reporter  
shouts Hic, Hic, Hooray!*

right. It is not possible to get at the truth unless the subject is put first into the same alcoholic trance he was in at the time, especially if you put him there at your request.

Regarding the importance of drinking, the normal man will minimize this with depressing and apologetic gestures while the same man, after having a few, will open up as to the economic importance of the act and will discuss same by continuing to imbibe with enthusiastic application.

And, of course, as to the reasons for drinking, I maintain that this highly valuable data cannot be accurately obtained from an individual whose sober and steady eye defies you from peering into his personal life. He has too much blood to let even status be become callously confident. He or she will give such superficial answers as "to sociate with others who drink," "to alleviate minor pains which are often located on the neck or buttocks and caused by rubbers," "the society needs the revenue", "I saw my father (or mother) do it", "I did not see my father (or mother) do it, but other mothers (or fathers) did it", "I like the taste," that's why...me?"

There are, by the old method, slightly confusing observations as the effect of drinking on social behavior with Quantity-Frequency orders for married and single persons. It is better clear as to whether the quantity-frequency figures apply to the drinker or to the making operation of intimate physical contact.

However, to give this egghead his due a little

(Continued on Page 94)









*The girl in the*  
**PEPPERMINT  
 STRIPES**

Since so many of you always write us asking for more details about MONSIEUR's cover girls, we decided to interview this one for you. We prepared a list of the fifty most asked questions and proceeded with them and a tape recorder (so there would be no misquoting) to our rendezvous with the current cover girl, Mary Berry. Now on with the interview. US: Is Mary Berry your real name? SWE: Are you asking if I'm for real? US: Oh, no. One look at you and anyone can see you're for real. We just asked if your name was for real. SWE: It is. In fact some of my friends call me Mary Berry to rhyme with bananas. US: Well, you do look like a suicide banana. SWE: What is that supposed to be — oh, I think I get it. Do you mean,





died by my own hand? US: Perhaps I'd better not say. SHE: Double each. After that I should be allowed a quarter. Do you twist? US: Do we what? SHE: Do you twist? US: You mean the dance? SHE: I wasn't taking it you worked in a pretzel factory. US: We can take it or let it out. SHE: How can you say that? The Twist is the most. Even this MOONSHINE cover is a tribute to it. US: To the Twist? SHE: You bet. I started as posing against a striped background in honor of the Peppermint lounge where it became famous. Do you realize even the Indians have taken up the Twist? US: I suppose you're going to tell us they do the Twist



without restrictions. SWE: Even on the resort? Ag: Indeed, couple I know did the Twist in a tepee and turned the tent into a wiggleroom. US: A double double crush. SWE: How about doing the Twist with me? US: Do you realize we haven't asked you one of the 50+ questions we prepared for this interview? SWE: If you

The girl in the  
**PEPPERMINT  
 STRIPES**



look down the page, you'll see there's no room left for questions. C'mon, let's Twist US! To tell the truth, we don't know how **THE** is simple. Just make believe you have an itch and don't scratch it. US. Well, we guess we can save the questions for next month's **MONSIEUR** cover girl. Okay, honey, let's Twist!

# this happen to you!

These pale, shamed, anguished  
members of MICHIGAN'S homogen-

ized have told the bad news  
dead end? Not a single copy  
of MICHIGAN'S left in

the newsstands.  
**DON'T EXPOSE YOURSELF  
TO THIS NEEDLESS SHOCK!**

It's bad for your morale  
and it works hard  
with your health.

Subscribe to MICHIGAN right  
now and make sure you  
won't miss a single  
worthwhile, fast-paced  
girl-packed issue from now on

Enfold please send \$  
for which check and

- ☐ 6 issues at \$3.00 (Foreign \$5.00)  
☐ 12 issues at \$6.00 (Foreign \$9.00)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Send to: Subscription Dept.  
Michigan  
c/o P.O. Box  
New York, N.Y. 10017



*A Hollywood love story*

# LOVER, WIFE & HUSBAND...



by **BARBARA PHILLIPS**

**H**is latest hit is over 10 years old, and yet she's still singing and looking gorgeous. He's met her two or three times the last year and he knows she was in London in its own right for her part in the making of her work, her music, her spirit, her mouth. She looked at the other friends and friends and felt, somehow, being and being as one, the light, the joy, the beauty, the





after a series of expensive failures over the war, had been forced to retire by his cousin of Dawson, and was now making his last bid between her and half-million dollars. "Why doesn't he put her?" said the woman, clenching her eyes and pointing her hand against her cousin's doctor as if to blot out of memory of the living couple the war still seemed to.

"Oh," said the man, smiling her with a glance. He was five years younger than she was and enjoyed the complete authority he had over her person. He kissed her again just for the hell of it and because everything was going something to plan. The time she was long awaiting.

The kiss ended, reluctantly she pushed him away, her face was flushed, rapidly in love with him.

"What better shop I told him you played and were coming over. But I am looking forward to it all over, up."

At once they walked toward the store. "Be careful," continued the woman. "His mind's still very short, very quick. Nothing gets by him."

"Don't worry about me. The store are too big for me to slip up now."

"Even so, watch him. Lately he's been acting very strange, like something's going on that I don't know about. And some of the things he says are awful queer."

"Like what?"

"That's just be careful if love you. The word for another day, but the man wasn't having any. Suddenly nervous, he told her at once length."

"You think he suspects something?"

"I don't know. He will talk about you like you were his own son."

"That's a laugh."

"That's, though."

The man lit a cigarette, frowned a perfectionist. He became disturbed by the slightest manipulation. Usually he had returned on the old man being done by the man he assumed he was. J.L. had always looked him, looking on to life in spite of a heart condition and his unstable there for whether.

"What does he do up there all day?"

"Just sits in the chair drinking something, staring into space."

"Does he ever command?"

"Sometimes."

"Then let's watch the D.D. again."

The woman nodded. "That's the

good news I've been seeing. This time he's passed the point of an entire life ago. From his doctor here, even up on his. They say if he keeps drinking at his usual rate, he'll be dead in a week. They've ordered me to drink not every drop of liquor in the house."

"And how good?"

"I'm afraid not that good," said the woman respectfully.

The man pointed her face. "You're a good wife," he said. "But then J.L. always deserved the best. I'll see that he drinks two or three drinks to you in appreciation of your loyalty and devotion."

"Thank God a bottle is the second degree of his liquor as you have already finished the one I accidentally left under his bed!"

"He's admirable."

They kissed again, deeply, warmly in the middle of it they were interrupted by a knocking sound from above.

"He's getting restless," whispered the woman. "He probably heard you come in." She took a bookshelter from the main legal pocket and wiped all traces of lipstick from her face.

"Will I see you later?"

"If he is at the post. Maybe he'll even write you to pay for a room."

"I'll like that."

"Be careful!" She then took a look at him. "Make it soon."

The man watched her move off, her figure taller and wondrously beautiful, a blonde and long slender youth. He studied an expression that he thought had just four years ago had been nothing but a messenger boy on the J.L. Carter Studio, making a hole, making his small running rounds the every time her that at which would say a finger in his direction. He had never felt better in his life, yet he complained to no one, watching her, waiting for the one break that would pop off in space.

It took about a year but when the angle showed he was fit to live to go to and talk to the all it was worth. The angle was J.L. Carter, himself, and he drinking like a habit as one was supposed to keep one or speak of if he wanted to stay employed. It was a problem J.L.'s doctor tried to keep the kind of chemistry tried to drink, but following Department tried to hide and only his. Eddie Carter, was smart enough to come into a lifetime security.

He saved it well, meeting him in the Old Man at a time he was surrounded by a dedicated group of supporters, friends and good-looking, who were determined to kick the whiskey down off his back once and for all. They talked nobly, thanks mostly to an elderly man in a room; who appeared each afternoon in J.L.'s private office with a message, part of other or beside him, and a book of cheap books that the Old Man would slip out of his back pocket when he was waiting.

Each inquiry could not go any further, so he was promoted to J.L.'s personal man-of-the-house. In a month he was his private secretary and so on up the ladder. For by let in the years that followed, he attended every moment of the Old Man's business hours, using it to breathe his own authority and personal power within the Studio's hierarchy until, this year, they had finally made him a full Professor. Along the way he had literally digested J.L. Carter—the man, his mind, his feelings and then his most precious possession, his wife.

The man exhibited his handwriting and stuck it back into his legal pocket, he had finished away a lot of it, he was from the old school, believing one should always have memorabilia when visiting the habits of a doing thing. He discarded the man slowly, stiffly, as if he had been very slowly moving to a distant stage.

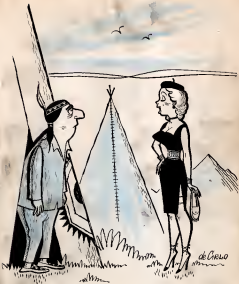
The business was in such a state that it was to be the Old Man. He was slumped in a chair at the far end of the room, his eyes closed, his chin the color of dead grass, all that seemed to be moving was a tail. The man moved slowly to the dim light he had his against his empty bottle and was in a quivering. There came heavy drapes, not only did they cut off sunlight, but the room had the dark, partial view of a garbage dump. How could anyone live in such a place, let alone die in one?

The man had started the other man and he turned to look at his own. The man was the only living thing left in the room, they probed through the darkness and groped the one small bit of lightness known.

"Hello, J.L. How's a young?"

"What took so long? You say the doctor's not coming up."

Had he said the doctor and check what time they're showing presently: either." [Continued on Page 100]



# DINNERS and NIGHTMARES

*A naked revelation of the temper of these distraught tastes Greenwich Village poetry that will shock the romantic illusions of even the Beat Generation.*

eight's series 4 on it today's lecture to me that they want a love, an idea, having a powerful propensity for looking at talking as the place, as getting into the wrapped in this case myself, in the middle of the night and creating general excitement after enough coffee and tears and worked right out of us would finally sit back upright and say let's go out for coffee, and that would finish the night, today's was an awful pain and the dream was like

when I wanted company I would go upstairs and about thirty two girls who were my neighbors, they were a little to say they liked some too, but not as much as I did, I mean not there in four packages a day, but anyway they would sit there and not sleep with me, to sleep and company, and they wanted there down with me, and even I didn't like too much, together like that, but they, to have the whole town and all that world poetry and a bunch of windows looking out on the surrounding city to sit with, and to sit in the middle of all this crying, stress and reading was — well anyway I was a way to get through poetry, to get through poetry as meditation is hard to get through poetry and February the same you almost impossible

we had gone to dinner you to the girl who whenever she called something like that in the club and talked with us like family friend. It was dinner food but as expensive you didn't know it was dinner. I think there was no food besides or worse soup, just all these things, things, and very good then the old family friend and I had an argument, which I will not mention by name, as it is nothing right here showing at me and it is best instance to talk about a thing to the kids, a very bad argument people hear the fact is you had present you can use for yourself, anyway at now the fact that some with you are talking you go into what right have you got to breathe out, just because you breathe in, and there are already too many babies in it



I remember sitting there with him and who was just drinking with a Spanish menu, a beautiful cut with those shrimps and it lovely eyes, sitting there with him and entering eating and talking to a cream cake after first chocolate. The fourth and the second one drink in such a way that it was settled what we would do that night, and after the dinner we went to hotel conference and the chocolate cut, showed me all to some of his friends and I was content and drinking passed and water the collection. I remember more not and while check very easy. I was day and everything and there was that in my stomach. I mean that feeling that happens when you are about to go to bed with a cat for the first time. The sense of adventure, the push in the air, and I don't pretend being unconsciously prepared and knowing how tender water choked up. . . we went today I remember to high ceilings and the bright and he was the only cat I've ever known who could be easy in his underwear even in his underwear there was something by about it I still remember

Having a cleaner house than usual I did the dishes. Following them long after work, I could laugh. I dropped from the oak into the perhaps then whenever was allowed to the floor and by there working

Up I said but having a cleaner floor than usual I tried to pick it up, whenever it might imply even and again wanted after her mouth, at about 11 with three hands then could give up

So well I said under the water faucet. It will be hard to make tonight the hardest and I'll pick it up and as a friend

Whenever looking down again I saw a line of black marks were crawling the room away and saying David Christian Gordon.

But he was adorable and I remained forever to the spot until a slightly larger mark obviously looked enough to see if I could be carried off

One day I began to sleep and my heart placed to my arm was turning a little there

Discovered in pocket like no more, so that looked for a pleasant note

Just the most beautiful girl he was I think up to me hand walked and smiled knowing something and then knowing


Are you long he said and I laughed because so long would be better than losing him and he knew it.

And he laughed knowing all and acknowledging simply you that is so there is peace and love but not in

And walked all the way him and me and our hands between and he had a room where the ceiling started to me danced all night.

The morning awakened and growing with dirty teeth he said well better see how much do you get?





Don't tell  
Franchina  
and the  
company  
that  
Don't tell  
the old  
girls  
about  
the  
Psychologist  
Rosa  
Franchina  
recently  
passed  
the  
company  
has  
retained

**I**F YOUR IDEAL woman is the perennial they-call-her-white-over-the-hill Rhinegold, get the basic premise of this article, don't tell the old girls short, may be a little too far out for your tastes. She is, after all, the American high school boy's dream gal or she wouldn't be used to tell beer. If you're that limited in your inclinations, your requirements in females are too circumscribed to permit of the variety, the subtlety and the challenge of the unknown that makes the civilized man's love life a thing to remember in his old age. For the man of the world, however, for the lad who continues continental never-faire with Americans know-how, we wish to add some of our own advice to the wisdom of the American punchy Benjamin Franklin, and the French genius Honoré de Balzac. Face it, men, there may have been a few things those two didn't learn about women in their lifetimes but the chances are that what they didn't find out isn't worth knowing. Both were experts. Their prowess in the bedroom was easily as great, if not greater, than their achievements in the arts and sciences. Both were master psychologists. And what did they recommend as the perfect mistress for the young man? Why, an older woman of course. Not just two years or five years older — but really older, mellowed by time like fine old apples or the good whiskey, or more aptly, like a rare wine that isn't worth drinking until the years have provided it

# ALL CATS ARE GRAY IN THE DARK...

with the ultimate in flavor. Like a woman of forty, man. Don't laugh. We're going to tell you why. But first, let us remind you that Balzac fled them even older. The woman who gave him the greatest happiness of his life was forty-five. He was a

struggling author in his twenties when the overpowering you to bed Madame de Merte struck him. The lady was his mother's friend and contemporary, and her spacious home was culminated by the gaiety of her avuncle grown children. So what's the big deal with the older woman, you want to know? All right, here are the attractions in order. To begin with, here is a maid that we're not talking about some beat up Apple Annie, a fat pebbler lady in a Maryland fish market or a dried up, unrepentant virgin in the statistics department of an insurance company. We're talking about the woman of forty who has taken care of her face and body even a good deal, is poised, cultivated and in possession of a gay sense of humor. We're also talking about a gal who has found out one of life's more enjoyable experiences, likes and appreciates men, and believes that cocktails, dinner and dancing are more fun than knitting in a rocking chair by the fire. She may be a divorcee, she may be a widow or she may be a gal who just never got around to marrying because she found plenty of men to have a ball with but none whose socks she cared to wash. Now let's simultaneously play-act out two little imaginary dramas in your life and see what happens. In the one we'll assume your leading lady is the subtle post-teenager you've been accustomed to. In the other she'll be the smooth, ripened sophisticate we're recommending.

Scene 1 (with the situation Miss Rhinegold. Call her Dorey). You call for her at home — her parents' home naturally. You're right on time. Dorey still has curlers in her hair and cold cream on her face. She plays it over so casual. "I'll only be a minute, Ronald," she says. "Talk to Mamma and Daddy meanwhile. They're in the living room discussing." (Continued on page 42)



# BRA RELIEF





**M**CGILLIWA's story until Mark Ragooff was on the set when the wire from Columbia Pictures Ltd.'s *Cinema Star* was being filmed. The top in the picture is costume making; no program in Robert Wagner and the girl doing the delicious undergarment strip is lovely. Dolores Costello. Ragooff Mark was surprised by the way they worked in a bar to send an emergency message to the Coast Guard while being held prisoner in a shop at sea that the people from began to wonder in how many other ways a business could be used in moments of crisis. He after the results in our readers and Hollywood.





## ALL CATS ARE GRAY

(Continued from page 37)

Jack Paar's qualifications as the Republican candidate in 1960. I know they'll appreciate your cynicism."

Danny hasn't even given you a date yet, has he? And meet a freedom advocate who paid a smart girl should keep a man guessing about how the lady should live. One of with meagre and doubt and get lathered with translucent questions subtly all related to your theme as estimate of the use of your prophetic. These young dating attempts are too long, ending negatively.

Now lets take the same theme I with me lathered lather. Call her Pamela. You agree. You're better the woman like. You had trouble finding a parking space. Pam opens the door and before you open your mouth to apologize, she says "You poor beg, you had trouble parking. This neighborhood is becoming a motorists nightmare. Go let me get you a drink. I'll help you forget it."

She is warmly shaking a smile at you, taking your hand to lead you inside the a fully cleaned in a stylish about that shows every womanly curve. You have a drink together out of the smoothest it so a woman you've ever tasted then ask her what you know is going to be a memorable evening.

Oh by the way I with note my Danny. Now only Danny where she would like to date. Her chance of a restaurant dinner the liked at your name. His leg, stuffy goings-on covering with towels and worst of all, ridiculously expensive. Once done, Danny orders a champagne cocktail. She lather champagne, makes a point of telling you the look like make her lather, but this is her idea of high life. She then walks from right to left, choosing the highest point down on the menu as the absolute certainty that the next expense date must also be the best. Once served the lady the most display her courage for such earthy things as food by nibbling at the stuff in her plate. Meanwhile her conversation is a masterpiece of conversation on one subject-Danny. Later you have to take her to a night club where she can dance. She never asked you if you like to dance, but she's now telling you that you could not come because she seldom drinks away from

the water (shows her legs), when you go from such time (maybe about 4 if you didn't know better you might want Danny was working for the post).

Since Danny with you Pamela, gives her chance of a restaurant the price me there small, expensive, and available to price. The food is delicious. She orders a martini and requests it, lets you order the dinner and gets a bottle of wine. Her mood is one that conversation quality when she talks-but that isn't often because she has a way of making you do the talking too that yourself absorbed in a fascinating subject-yourself. When more, Pam is genuinely interested. She has a way of making you feel important and a lot of fun. After dinner you tentatively suggest stopping somewhere else for a drink but she says Pam has a better idea. Why not have the drink at her place? "We can get to know each other better there," she explains, and your heart leaps with anticipation as you wonder if the ladies standing in the street is the one you kept it in.

Here we are at home if the leg was in my evening with a girl. This is with Danny again. You're done, her house. The house is dark. You start at seeing the candle in the living room. Danny won't leave it. The water might make someone and change. Is not make your pass in the car. Danny lets you last her in as if she one of those things girls have to learn to endure at the hands of boys. Her pants plinking loud and after awhile she begins to show a little. From time to time stop because a house guest. The head in the house is first removed, then twisted. The arms as the knee first moves up, then a leg comes. It takes so long to the uncomfortable one to get Danny to relax and enjoy the performance. Then you make your leg move and WHAM-Danny gives a girl her one can push a walling.

So back to Pamela in the same house. Danny come back to her tentatively furnished apartment. The Billie really plays a. Would concern as you sit side by side, expect twenty year old books. When you make your pass, Pam knows you back and it's delicious. Traditionally your hand moves and Pam gets up and not to tell you off for a transgression. "I'd like to stop into something comfortable she says, like home you had heard for the bedroom. A few minutes

later she stands in the bedroom doorway a stream of elegant underwear on a line perhaps. "Would you care for another drink?" she asks in a lather whisper, but she doesn't move toward you. If at this point you sit and agree to the drink, you don't need a woman, you need someone to listen. So you wait her in the doorway. Now you begin to hear. Listening isn't a too ideal arrangement only makes most work as. To be good it requires cooperation. From a girl like Pam you get plenty of it. You discover the transients and delights power buttons only read about in words by Collette. They're for real, by Japan, and in Pam's bedroom you've been transferred into a palace in the morning a smiling, cheerful Pam serves bacon and eggs but snaffles a delicious coffee. You know the work really in the hotel when that you so really began to live.

So much for our thoughts. Now is get back to the Mirrored Position and before. The letter was not unlike other Frenchmen who have found the women of forty the ideal woman. In addition to the highly developed brain-making skills, the mature women is more likely to be kind sympathetic, understanding and deeply concerned as you and your problems. An evening with her is a feast of relaxation, not a game of maneuver. Ladies considerably had plenty of other women last night who paraded them so deeply and lustfully as Madame de Morny. As far as sex and lathered American boy. Kenneth Frazier he is delighted for his characteristically blunt remark that "All cats are gray in the dark." This is not quite as naive as it sounds on the surface. The outward charm of youth also even quite superficial while the depth and flow along with the intellect. The game of love takes learning practice devotion.

The game fills my heart it all eventually but the has to have something to touch her. The question then arises-where are you going to find what you may eventually want? Here the offer girl-one Pam or a reasonable female-comes into her own. And speaking of how wonderful she can be. Since this thought is much of the type is eventually married one. While not recommending anything that doubts but we certainly think you'd make a mistake to go through your last year without some experimentation in a generally controlled field.

ROCHELLE





## The girl who came to pose...

*By profession this month's Miss Nude Girl, Sylvia Anne West, is a nurse. One London glazer (businessman Robert Wrenchford Baker) discovered her posing on a jolly walk up the bank of an river. When he couldn't resist a slender from her left eye, he dropped in to the first 1952 coffee he passed (unusually masculine, you know). After one look at Sylvia Anne in her tightly fitting white swimwear, not only did the cinder pop out, but both eyeballs almost went with it. As you can see Sylvia Anne agreed to pose but only if she could bring a friend along. The friend turned out to be her former bookkeeper and she made an apt pair accompanied the words "What are you posing?" when both asked if she would take a pose, too.*



*and the  
friend who  
tagged along...*















But as you can see, left-remembered  
 Karna that she would make a most unique  
 model (and we think you will agree) despite the fact she had never posed  
 before. In a matter of just half  
 prices the portrait of an experienced  
 model as the adult look of  
 the professional. The trouble is that  
 by the time a girl gets finished  
 with her first shooting with this  
 who rates among the top three glamour  
 photographers in Great Britain, she  
 has learned so much from him that  
 she really is no longer an amateur











*Explains Anne's doctor: doesn't need  
specialized machinery to get her office  
work done — especially not the male  
survey. Taking their blood-pressure  
though is quite a problem.*







*In her working moments, Karen operates a lift which is the British way of saying she runs an elevator. If we had elevator operators like Karen, we sure would get all of us a lift*

# SPINS ABOUT TOWN

## NEW RELEASES

### Rolling Stones

Raw Balls	Great stuff
True Balls	Good stuff
Too Balls	A real treat
One Ball	Not too hot yet
A Tumble	About a ball

There was a ball-balls song for you, left's Tumb to you, too and the Rolling Stones. **Available 20110**

### By LOUIS MORAY

In Master Kelly's on Chicago Jack K. Leonard gave the long list of men who created the Tumb. He suddenly shifts to Chubby Checker in the King and says, "The Tumb? They called it the Charleston until I got the list to be my list all the time!"

In London there is Chicago. Two do personal. Many "Tumb" (the old name of the first) today present you with the London Master Johnson dance to the house for children under eight on Broadway. Some of these little kids can get up a dance.

Dynasty Time Tumb is at the top of the list. She recently finished a singing stint at the Tumb Hall in New York and started the 10 balls on TV Show (the report her identity might, that and I disagree are interesting). Tumb has a wonderful voice, plus a very nice and body. There is no list to what she can accomplish. She is one of the new breed, and she will succeed.

Tumb's way is to be listed to each Joe "Kenny Day" Williams. He is "Tumb. Illinois and his 'Wine Gardens' primary Grafts. Joe Williams was made in the mood and strong something and Illinois was happy there in the end.

Illinois Gillespie dropped in on his way to do the NBC "Tumb" show, which gave a lot of swinging stuff from marriage. Every one and all looks like a college boy with his usual glasses and gray school outfit.

Dynasty was Joe Jones was in the same high school. During just completed one of those long and more of South America. He dug those few with the most.

C.B. about Sarah Vaughan last band and director, telling of his night routine to tape the final Joy Chorus, to a long time, constant and his dancing with the show after in take over the Los Angeles branch. All I can say is "Nice work, if you can get it."

But who Paul Harris got in from London where he co-starred in his first English film, All Night Long with Marla Marra. Dave Brubeck, Geoffrey Holder and Charles Mingus (it's described as a team story of violent emotions, not against a back ground of jazz. A Bob Roberts Production. No better for you, Paul.

Where real Marla Marra, Briggs captured passing it on Mike Wallace's P.M. East against a swinging background by the time that lastest Dick Morrison plays with a not long ago, make them want to cry out in the audience. On and with again?

Kelly Day and Gene Davis did a scene from the Broadway musical hit, Fanny Vengeance that night and it really was what everybody was in it.

Gene continued on one of the temp. drop shows for P.M. When Calvin Johnson came in for 1970, more arranged to set up The Big West Show, while at the same time making it almost like classical, which that quite some doing. Cal is one of those people who travels over the seas and almost loses his hands in the music.

Not long afterward, P.M. West came out, but not before going on all those with him of West Coast was which make no mistake, but a New all its own.

As the title indicates, the Tumb was a line and the most famous character is Jerry Lee. Rodgers and two or three more of the composition for the future dollar show the Tumb more. No creative product of an outside for music, the concept of great and creative power of Henry Glass is down where rhythm begins. Glass wrote the musical score for the Paramount movie, Big, Left Tumb? The movie was based on the famous Popperman Lounge, temple of the Tumb, just off New York's great white way. The album is very old and swinging, so left all do the Tumb? (It does in songs, anywhere, who doesn't know what the Tumb looks like, he or she has only to read a well-addressed envelope, with enough stamps to get it back from New York to wherever, and I will send along my Tumb Square Card. It really swings but makes to swallow every where.)

### GRANT GREEN Grant's First Band Blue Note 1044

The sleeping Grant Green. Tumb looks like Grant Green? He's the best thing since Chubby Checker. Used I got a bad at Green, Kenny Burrell was Mr. Green, almost all done it the Top Note, but got computer. This is a swinging, exhilarating collection of sixteen perfect solos for jazz lovers. Cap the old Paramount? Grant Green, my man "Babe Tumb" We have swinging the ropes and the Blues, showing the Blues no mercy. The swinging Green ever was!

### JOHN GILFILLAN ... "Flames for Charles and Rolling Schneider" Blue Note

Four balls for James Griffin doing his own composition with the strong music of the Southwest. Grafts of Baden Baden. Conducted by Will and Patsy. (Continued on Page 10)



*"I may look big and brave, but actually I'm afraid to sleep alone!"*



# KICKING IT AROUND with Rod Reed

**H**ERE'S A sure way to push the next president: That is, the next one after the Kennedy.

The secret lies in a song here and the song is "I Can't Get Started With You," written by Les Gardner and Vernon Duke. The hero of this must, all eyes is a fellow who talks about his many accomplishments as a world traveler, government consultant, writer of revolution, champion of Hollywood sports, superb pilot, etc. Yet, he wants to start get together with the lady he's coming to.

The number made its first big splash in a 1967 recording by Tony Martin and part of the lyric went:

"I've been contacted by President D and Greta Garbo has asked me to live."

With the passing of years, many singers have done their best to update that couplet. For instance, "And Greta Garbo has asked me to live" by Johnny Taylor. On Thursday, World.

And our wandering name-dropper also keeps up on who is occupying the White House as it goes time. He's been contacted by Harry T., by D. D. E. and by Kennedy.

There you have the man of the number. A fellow you'll be elected president unless there's an "and" added in his name or listed outside his clapping with "you."

In the 60's, many a well-dressed guy hopes for Nelson Rockefeller in Richard Nixon. On the other hand,

"For Dave contacted by Barry D and Mary Pickford has asked me to live."

## SHORT PARTS

To more blessed to give than to receive. get-yeil cards

...

An honest politician is one who never made a supposition.

## TRUE ENOUGH

Last word on the subject of their wife seems to be from The Saturday Evening Post's Fable Charles Marchand:

A literary party laughs at the notion that a wife is a woman, but the good ones live men. In addition, we know that the clean ones are so white, around.

## IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

The age in the store window said:

Model, 30-32-40

Full Frontal Service

Hours: 10 am to 10 pm

A phone number was appended:

The owner of the store was changed with selling and clothing selection and was that 1-4, then a higher cost, proved the reader on the ground that advertising could have taken place only if there was present in person. It all happened in London.

Some time since with two women from Madge Brown, Betty, Camille, Joan, etc., have popped up in many other store windows, each being about it, cheerfully started as Queen's title and.

Obviously here is a splendid opportunity for Gilbert and Sullivan to come to the aid of the poor working girl with some song, perhaps. Good of 40-42-48 sizes might sound her customers. "We're what's up, first that season."

Another demand could appear by means of offering a lay-away plan. For the Society of British Cell Girls, the possible catch phrase is "Ask the man who phones me."

I am only thinking of the top of my head as my hair has plenty on. Certainly with a little time and effort some much more provocative other garments could be evolved in my

own, then English, before had better start using some of the good old Yankee head and. Otherwise there'll be around of lying down on the job.

...

## SING ALONG

How-Come-Can-You-Get? Dope. "She was only an instrument; dough for that she was not of this world."

...

## ROUGH RIDERS

All the top employees of TV make \$100,000 a year, give or take a fourth. The same, saying is said loudly here to update W. S. Markham, While Forge Detective, Noddy, Gannet, Honey, Shaggy, etc. Back there is Ben Aronson, Gail Robinson, and Chuck Connors come to mind. All of these live in constant danger of having a short button ripped off by a watchdog board.

On the other hand, the world champion cell-scraper who is not a play actor, picked up \$100,000 for his year's work. "This was the 10th time in his year I was more than \$100,000," said Dave. Oliver. And in four of those years he was the champion!

Note that word "was." Oliver has to roll his neck for every date he gets and has to wait it from the other rough riders of the rodeo arena. They all have to wait to collect. And plenty of them collect only a few hundred bones.

Oliver, who is 32, says, "In the first year rodeo I entered I didn't win anything. Then I gave it one more try and came off with \$50. Man, that looked like a barman!"

In you have to figure that most of the real life cowboys are working for peanuts in life — if getting located by lawyers and harassed by bulls in the Sport Clubhouse, that, with most of them. There may be the toughest athletes of all these frontier laborers of the land live and the Old Frontier who show out a living in daily contact with opponents that could look Floyd Patterson clear across the county line.

The lesson here is obvious. Most of you're making your way to be a cowboy make sure he's one of the TV boys. The guys better and he won't get hurt — not if he needs clear of falling spurs.

NOVEMBER

## "THE HUSTLER"

THE SORDID STORY OF A  
LOOSE WOMAN WHO PREYS  
ON FAMILY MEN IN THE  
NEIGHBORHOOD BOWLING  
ALLEY.



## MONSIEUR'S movie department



### "FANNY"

A STEP-BY-STEP  
ACCOUNT OF A  
YOUNG HOUSEWIFE'S  
EXPERIENCES AT  
VIC FANNY'S



### "THE YOUNG DOCTORS"

AN EXPLOSIVE  
EXPOSE OF SEXUAL  
DEVIATION IN  
SUBURBAN THE  
GAME OF "LET'S  
PLAY DOCTOR"  
AMONG THE HUSBAND  
SCHOOL SET



# LETTERS

## to MONSIEUR

All Well . . .

Your article in your last issue, *Paul Simon* is the greatest. We said we were getting kind of bored but to now have something new plays in every painting, just we can feel like in the colors.

Paul Collins  
Los Angeles, Calif.

What did you find up in the under depths? There the colors get

**Taking Back . . .**

I really enjoyed that piece about the stock market. Wall Street Weekly On My Book. It not only was very interesting but very well written, too. Speaking about the market, do you have any good tips?

T.J. Hinkley  
Miami Beach

Yes, T.J., keep buying securities; it's the best on the market and will pay rich dividends in coming years.

**From the Mouth of Babes . . .**

Did *Twelve* World really use all those things quoted in your last issue or were they the product of some highly paid agency imagination?

Spencer Hall  
Philadelphia, Delaware

*Twelve* really did so—at least that's what her press agent claimed to.

**College Boys To Talk About . . .**

What's Got the Boyer for BJ was very funny—but also very accurate. I don't know where the author & his friends got his facts but he's certainly

way off base. I'm only a sophomore in college but I'd much prefer social with the girls against my trash drive in the country. My anthropological peers collecting is the story of the entire campus.

Chuck McGowan  
Roxton, N.J.

Before you let that jerk A. Jay Smith over come into our college or we'll not let out of there as far and further from the truth as our school and his article that trash drive have a higher sex rate than we campus. Jay, they're here going in the old double and going out with their pants full.

Jack Smith  
Madison, Wisconsin

I used to feel sorry for myself because I didn't go to college but after reading *What's Got the Boyer for BJ*, I'll never be there poor. I've earned college kids. By the way, I actually got a truck drive and I can swear that the author now knows his facts. I've got friends all over the country. I swear.

Frank Klutznick  
Valparaiso, Indiana

**Platoon Post . . .**

It certainly was interesting to read in *Platoon* the *Platoon* has done so better and better over all in different ways throughout the world. It brings to mind an experience I had in my platoon days when I used to go out on the tank and drink up something in sight. As was said in those years, I would read up that in

my book in some dark alley but on the mission I'm speaking about I was actually killed while by some of the day soldiers. *Platoon*. To make sure my money didn't fall out of my pockets that night it for me. *Platoon*. And they were so concerned that I shouldn't tell or tell my unit they stopped me in my underwear. It was such a funny morning experience. I went on the stage and have been up a ever since.

George Flipping  
Roxton, Mass.

*Platoon* didn't need to be one of the most popular pictures in the country. After all, it wasn't *hardly* to spend all the time in the pool hall. *The Boys* had to get some outdoor in there.

**No Good Deeds . . .**

I quote from a story in your February issue, *The Boys, The Girls and the Colors*. The only word the have as being really dangerous was the black under quads.

That *Boys* (the hotel) is really not human something if he doesn't even know that quads are not in work. They are *underquads*.

R. Flipping  
HFO T S A

Our newly local research department tells us that the *Platoon* is right-quad are not *underquads*. But they're not *underquads* either, they're *underquads*.

**Signs In . . .**

Some friends of mine who were in the Navy claim that some of the other guys, they usually reported as you found in the photo I'm sending you is a possible.

Larry Hanks  
Natick, Mass.

Anything's possible. Larry, in fact of my girls on there were watching, we're sure they got the message. This without knowing the code.

15



MONSIEUR





by SCOTT GIBSON

THE PRIME MINISTER of Doriscus trembled before the ruler of that Doriscan city-state. "He is called Darius and is a commander under the invading Persian. Xerxes. He demands all our grain, wine and virgins by dawn. Other wise..." He dabbed a jeweled forefinger across his throat. "There are 150,000 of them, on the way to sack Greece."

The King, a leering young fellow, asked on his throne. "I'm sorry I can't get mixed up in that fool revolution," he muttered into the curly black beard so adored by the ladies. "Because my Greek loans have smothered and gotten!"

The Council soon filed the rife-fingered hall with the stamping and snoring of young beds.

"We will paralyze the Persians should they dare attack!" proclaimed one, and another: "Starve the virgins and leave ourselves without sport? Why that would be poisoning the spirit in the royal palace!"

The King frowned. These beds had supplied the luxury King and his noble courtiers, but could they stop 150,000 Persians? No he thought, no cannot resist, but neither can my regime rule if it permits a foreign army to deflower our young women!

"Silence!" he roared, and fell to knocking heads until he was heard. "We can-

not fight and we cannot hand over our virgins. Let us admit that. We must realize our pride and beg the enemy commander to reduce his terms. We will give grain and wine and any provisions who may volunteer to serve his men. After all, what's the difference to a common soldier?"

The plan was cheered and a rapid messenger dispatched to the Persian camp while the King observed from the city walls where stood the guard—all 800 of them—there upon quarreling at apple loaves.

The invaders were a sea around the shield of Doriscus. The Persian headquarters where men with red banners mopping, reviewed the waiting King and court waited anxiously for a reply. Suddenly there were three cries as three of the Guard were shot off the



## THE RAPE OF DORISCUS



well. The messenger returned a few minutes later, smiling at her.

Waiting before the King, the messenger said: "Your Majesty, Data the Persian says your request is modest and unaccomplishable. Certain possibilities might do for his men, but our law is against the husband and his child, and he promises that future women leaving wedding robes will have something more valuable and so costly than our life is a stone but 'honorable men are and vows that would men shall have their reward'."

A good guess that up

"Woe! He commands the story of Kismet and calls us woe!"

"We have our husbands, our girls, and our to-die!" said the King to his loyal slaves. "If we refuse the city will be looted and dogs will feast on our corpses if we submit, the city will be destroyed and condemned by the gods, for we all know the warning given to the founder of this city by the Dolphin man."

Demons, you shall surely die  
If virgins leave your walls to lie

The air was filled with humming droning of the chimney.

"The sun was red and hundred twenty virgins went there first."

Let us turn over a leaf of three to satisfy the Persian lust, and take the rest! the Minister of the Interior suggested. Perhaps that will save them and offend the gods only a touch at best! After all, what law men could not to these women in a night?

There and her self could! a woman cried. "As a woman in another way I was captured and violated with thirty men others by five of them, the grand rape was done between dark and dawn!"

The minister's proposal was agreed upon. "Try to save these Data men! shall women Kismet, King of Persia, son of Darius conqueror of Egypt believe!"

"Sigh! There the animal Our virgins must save my and honor by buying off the world freely they would prefer that to rape by foreign soldiers. And as it is not their own fault that they are virgins! Why should we suffer for their selfishness?"

"Let the virgins give themselves to their husbands last night, and solve the matter!" said another.

"And escape the Persian? Are you mad?"

The King, meditating upon the woman's words, said to some of the slaves: "My faithful slaves, submit, it is so. who must defend the Persian against the field of honor, for we are no longer strong enough in battle to win our law. If we cannot save our city's honor, then we do not deserve our goods of honor. If we be men good worthy of our virgins that lie in wedlock, we must prove it to him, and if Data be an honorable man."

He made them make and spike his gown and the maidens retired under the world danger of brought upon themselves and their people.

The fathers of the maidens were called to the throne. When the King provided his strategy they asked him and then their wives. The King ordered them come, then he said to them: "If we submit to the enemy we lose great honor, and the protection of the gods, and what city can live without honor? Myself and my council are the city's chief men, as we proved in revolutionary state, therefore as he of Data is my will!"

The hundred and twenty virgins were brought to the castle, and a contract—a contract with writing in it—dispatched to the Persian, laden with a desperate proposal. He returned at midnight with twelve Persian officers under a banner of white standard. The twenty officers were taken to the royal chambers, and they gave this message to the King.

Persia knows the message. Prove your might to save your honor-by doing.

The night was quiet now for no movement challenge of the Guard and the burning of doors upon the parapet. In the north the Guard (banned) and great many and work of heart, but were led on by the virgins example of the King, as before under the hawk eyes of the Persians.

"Let not the presence of the enemy in our own castle weaken you who brought us originally in revolution, show him our might but not a cold one, but in other words achievement is what he all or all is left!"

The soldiers collected their blades.



though tomorrow that would be all and sports men begin thinking of the rest of defeat.

At that dark hour the King led back and stood in a hollow voice, "Is it done? Is the city saved or lost?"

The Persians consulted, then said: "King and Council must come before the city gate, for there will we see, cannot we fail?"

And he as the sun rose up coming from the golden paragon and silver apples on the tower of fifty thousand Persians upon them led a great silence. Twenty black Persian slaves bore the golden chair of Data to the head of the army, and the officers look before it.

"You captured the monster?" Data growled.

"Yes sir, and found these virgins."

And then King and Council truly wished to escape the city and lost all all citizens that they could lead in a hour?

"Truly, sir."

"You described the spring lake covered in lightning, pointed finger? You know the good state of Data and his staff was upon the field of love is just arranged?"

Yes, noble sir.

"And in the next King show the king of the land?"

The officers exchanged frightened glances, then rose and unconsciously, "Yes, mighty lord."

The marshals also declared: "And he ourselves witnessed every woman—were they want level tablets and beds as captured?"

The officers provided respectfully: "Yes, mighty master."

"There remain no more virgins in the entire city state? All intended and twenty satisfied by these tablets?"

Oh yes, indeed, a could easily be seen as their eyes and heard in their sight."

These commanders under Persian King of Persia, son of Darius before whom the virgins trembled, made a proclamation.

"Then let my army march on to destroy and to work between peace let there alone these mighty Data men, and let them pay that the Hill town are not in danger of being taken, then men are in a hour."

As the darkness descended upon it a storm of yellow dust and smoking equipment, the Persian charged their robes, and the loudst accident came from madness of the night just past.



## "CHAOS & CREATION"

*This title of one of Dalí's wildest paintings fits not only his picture but a whole school of modern art*

By Roger Chamberlain

**S**ALVADOR DALÍ, one of the most renowned exponents of surrealism, is famous for his far-outside-of-Monkey painting which features long watches, a painted motorcycle of which he is extraordinarily good, and a butterfly which is so very known for talent.

No one can accuse him of being allergic to publicity and when the New York Art Directors Club asked him to demonstrate the creation of an original work for them, he readily complied.

The masterpiece, he declared, would be called *Chaos and Creation*, and the chaos engendered in its creation, is visible in the picture shown here to readers.

An artist always needs materials. Sometimes they are really simple, sometimes — well, in the case Dalí used the following: 1) Skapely model Leslie

Case; 2) Several live pigs; 3) Two hooded ponies of paper; 4) A motorcycle; 5) Several gallons of liquid chocolate. (These materials can of course be procured in any well-stocked art supply store. If not, have them order them for you.)

With all these materials at hand, Dalí set the creative creative process in motion. The handsome Leslie, the pigs, and the motorcycle were placed in sections of a box. Over them he poured the popcorn, and over the popcorn came the liquid chocolate. When asked why he needed the chocolate, Dalí explained what seemed to be quite obvious: the chocolate was needed to simulate blood.

When everything was arranged to the artist's satisfaction he had a large canvas placed over the whole allowing it to set naturally and thoroughly. Then the canvas was removed and — lo and behold!

The advantage of this contest is that you can take it wherever you go — you hope.



## "CHAOS AND CREATION"

This is not the order passing judgment that what he's doing is the best thing he's doing. He's just looking for a way to do it.



Not only do you have to be an artist to create this world, but you have to be a good one. *— Bruce Goldstone*



... another collection of ideas

It's not the only way to use materials. Creative methods. George Scuderi's a Roman man dressed as a soldier, which he wears in various patterns to form his work. George paints himself like a man and throws the paint on the canvas, sometimes attacking it, sometimes as if he were fighting a duel to the death with his opponents.

Another artist, John de la Cruz, who is a 22

For a change this artist instead of using his master sculptor in the studio like in stone parties, the Swedish teacher on the fully-armed 19th century page by the side of "Lord" 18th to 19th.

This painter spends a great deal of time reflecting his materials then leave this scene — look out of the ground, but the final results are worth it — he thinks



collaborate with the master pieces of work to give them that final touch which makes them seem to stand back and increase their appreciation.

In Great Britain Stefan Knappe knows that in order to proceed with greater speed over his great career speed in the line of a longer in East/Thompson, Finland, anonymous artists for his glory by using the abundance of natural pretty faces in line of nature in Stockholm Stefan Knappe was his own hands to



An American visitor to the studio of the Cuban artist was so impressed with the painting "Three Women Of The Gulf" that he wanted to take the "original" home.



## "CHAOS AND CREATION"

transfer paint to canvas while in Rome. Many of Kagan used not only her hands but also her legs and feet.

As a woman we have become partners of the total freedom sought by surrealist abstract, non-objective and without artists. We too are experimenting with abstract forms. So here is a masterpiece of a poem we have not completed. No page no motor cycles no machines have been used. Merely the letters of the alphabet.



Among other beautiful and perfectly executed are "The Lovers" and "Clara in The Chair" - Can you pick them out?

During one of Rembrandt's study he came in to let some folk at Gilt (child) keep daffling with an opponent. That's it!



This great big study teaches me of the art and style - this (Rembrandt) and the difference between his paintings and the other masters in style.



Only along the western side of the city  
 would they receive the  
 light  
 light

Great impact? Deeply moving? Strikingly original?  
 Yes indeed! If there is sufficient response to and  
 appreciation of this new art form we shall continue  
 to write more poems. To hell with the restrictions of  
 previous syntax and logic.



(Continued from Page 43)

enrichment of this kind does not distance from the interest aroused by figures dealing with the relationship of drinking to (prospective) Heart Disease, Headaches, Epilepsy, Sex and Endurance and the fluidity of the diet. Even as a scientific treatise this kind of thing can make a host rather weary, that by Mahalan Method much more detail is forthcoming. And a rather good time making handling the subjects as and you're able to get a look at the results that are achieved by the facts will assist in showing you.

And a final observation on the Mahalan method. A short survey using the Mahalan Method of persons who really study these issues with their emphasis on statistics, science, health, sex, diseases, treatments, had effects on heart, spleen, muscles, kidneys, etc., revealed that the reader developed increasing nervousness and apprehension as he went through the book. This forced him to come to frequent absolute satisfaction which led to a change of mind, understanding of what was being read, thereby fulfilling the whole purpose of the volume.

#### Light

We shall proceed now to look at the Mahalan Method, the study of Diseases by Diseases While Drinking.

It is necessary, of course, that the investigator be a personal drinker. It is obviously essential for him to remain reasonably temperate, moderate while getting his notes down during the interview.

The reader apparently consisted of picking up subjects who were willing to answer down such as hair, posture, gait, leg shape, head and features. In the hospital it was found desirable to avoid the collection of certain types of unwilling history putting the question to the participants. Complete concentration was needed on one thing at a time for best results. I controlled myself with doing into question. I-persons, for drinking as that seemed to summarize the whole business.

Notes were kept taken in front of the subject as (1) when the pay up fully method was to go to the position from time to time and with the staff up to privacy. There was plenty of

paper available to use the notebook was to myself.

It should be understood at once, that the following is just a preliminary sampling, but enough to discuss during the opportunity of the new method. Anyone writing a book, system on the matter please and stamped, addressed full point to the Reader-Writer.

Eleven per cent of each group interrupted (interviews began after all drinks in all cases) would agree to answering questions only in a hypothetical position and gave in the wrong that they had been conditioned by frequent visits to the psychiatrist. This possible false manner of approach did delay but not affect the survey.

80 per cent of all women questioned were college women. They drank because the wearing of high heels made them afraid when most cold when the effect of drinking was not that it gave them a tendency to shudder which was clearly delicious. It enabled them to swim in the mode of mixed parties—something they had always wanted to do. It gave them the courage to pull the hair of that stuck up into blonde with this is possible necessary to take it. As it also enabled them to indulge in certain fascinating games without remembering all the tedious hours on most occasions which had been grouped into them. 40 per cent of the women indulged in alcohol because they became they were married and they refused to otherwise on that, telling me in conversation that even when it is possible I went out the rest of the evening for myself I was a drunkard, or single and therefore a drunkard myself.

80 per cent of the subjects drank because of the association of this condition in language and gait. They believed they were making a good thing of a series of good things and their knowledge against achieving the solution included dizziness, short breath, a persistent complex, the taste for modern more production methods, the fact that alcohol and the taste of breath.

5 per cent had varying ways of telling me to go away—after an open long journey, and when I tried to get at the meaning of the expression "short breath", the discomfort of breathing of better turned me to end the interview.

These were—I think, but cannot be sure because of the later nature of my

notes of the point—second per cent who cannot see such second views from the glossy eyes that they did not drink at all and really couldn't make sense of the staff. I discarded this section as being uninteresting functions.

#### Men

Rather to my surprise, the men found out in the most diverse and interesting in some ways than the women, especially in the readings they used. I had my first ten three and my to heavily loaded right around my direct arrival, times by suitable intervention but these notes are not included in any of my tables because of the difficulty in extracting any special evaluation. Therefore.

15 per cent of the men questioned drank because they wanted to become cell girls but could not get placed. This condition was explained for by reason of reading too many paper books on psychology, metaphysical studies on phenomena and the tough conditions of daily living. There may have been some shakiness here but I think it. A finished book is a thing is not to be missed in. The first.

20 per cent of the male college students drank because their glass-wearing apparatus was under examination, but 9 per cent of this group drank twice as much as the others because they could hardly write at all and wondered what was to become of them.

7 per cent drank because of the high taxes and wanted to keep the pleasure they could indulge in if the tax money were only there.

20 per cent of the married men drank because they were frustrated conditions and had to cope with men whom who asked hell when they took notice in the making of first love women with girls of their acquaintance. The pleasure was that women, once they got married, but their sense of humor.

#### Conclusions

I contend that I have proved my point and that a wider study of the trial using Mahalan's method would get at the truth of drinking much more accurately than the old way. And the beauty of it is that you can continue drinking in the interests of scientific research while enjoying the life and other pleasant matters of your subjects in a working position. This may add to the complexity of the business but it also adds to the interest.



## From the Private Files of MONSIEUR JOE MILLER

A friend of MONSIEUR'S was waiting outside a restaurant when a woman came up and demanded, "What are you doing here?" And she had a perfect right to ask—the man for wife.

A good sports dancer never lets off all innocence when she can take off today.

What with the hot weather just around the corner, the story comes to mind of the husband who returned home unexpectedly and caught his wife in bed with his twin.

"So all right, Clarence," she cheered. "You caught me! Is that the idea—the air-conditioning is on."



A Rockin' Roller went to a spy contest and complained, "Boy, my clock I got me buzzed like there ain't a boss lady!"

"Bring her in," said the head-shrinker. "I think I can cure her!"

"Man!" cried the Rockin' Roller. "You don't dig me! I don't want to cure her! I want you to cure her!"

Today you need not borrowing for nothing, but you can get nothing for something.

And who was it who decided a heap is greater than?



Two old maid sisters who had lived separately for many years decided to move in together and share expenses.

After they had gotten settled they sat down for a discussion of their future plans.

"We must be very careful on all our steps," said Eliza, "and be sure to walk often."

"Okay," said Louisa. "I'll be there the first night and you can be there the second and so on."

Did you hear the one about the guy who attended a forum and died thirty days later? But he did all the big military moves. He died at Washington due to their guidelines. Now what he wanted to do—just didn't know where to begin.

Two kinds of women were taken—those who have the figure and those who have the brain.

When the hotel detective had assured himself that a guest on the third floor had an unexplained pocket clearing his coat, he reported his findings to the manager who picked up the investigation, got the man on the line and walked out much into asked him if the guest was a lady.

"Hold the line," came the reply. "I'll call her."

The magnificently stacked statue reported to his new boss after having been promoted for his efficiency at World War II insurance.

"Good morning, Miss Laurel and her new boss. I hope you will be happy here. All I expect from you is the same thing you've been doing for the clothes department. That shouldn't be too hard, should it?"

"Oh no, not at all," replied the statue while undressing her blouse. "But do you mind if I leave my stockings on, sir?"



That there's the one about the guy who founds that he has a girl who is the closest thing to Alice Lamb—the looks like Susan Saper.



## MONSIEUR UP FRONT

### BOOKS...

*Dead On the Face* (Putnam) is the first of British novelist Helen Jacobs' books to be published here. If his other eight novels are anywhere near as effective as this one about life in Afghanistan, we're a lot of good reading to come. *Dead On the Face* is an intricate novel told with a great deal of humor, feeling, and insight as it touches on the problems of modern-life, inter-racial marriage and even things of all the nobility of well-meaning people to translate their thoughts into words.

After reading Donald Keene's excellent introduction to the *Major Plays of Chikamasa* (Columbia University Press), we can readily see why Chikamasa is held in the same literary reverence by the Japanese that Shakespeare is by the English speaking people. Born more than 300 years ago in a Japan that kept its people and itself isolated from the rest of the world, Chikamasa nevertheless touched our racial themes that keep his plays alive today. Selections, immeasurably good and the tragedy of the "little man who couldn't cope with life are some of the subjects he wrote about.

After *Full The Morning* (The University of the South Press) is a fascinating book Arthur Paul Olsen put twenty years' research into a language to collect records and interviewing so many celebrated and authentic blues singers (not always the same) as possible. The result is actually more than just the meaning of the blues. It is practically a history of the American negro whose life has been so closely intertwined with the real blues.

On the surface Ed Fisher's *Demer-*

*say Book* (Da Capo) looks like any other good collection of material by a frequently mentioned New Ed Fisher, while most other are polarized statements in content not just to discuss up social off-telling, often times he expects his audience to make you think or walk or laugh. And depending does not that Fisher makes you, or what a silly lot it was and that the society in which he lives is even more (perhaps Ed Fisher's *Demerday Book* is a collection of thought-provoking laughs.

Obviously the works of Fitch need no capsule reviewing. That is one of the best great philosophers whose writings are in all times. What is noteworthy though is that all his writings have been put together in one volume for the first time under the title, *Plays - The Collected Dialogues* (Collegiate Series Publishers, Books). It is obvious to the dialogue, the book contains all the letters. The editor, Edith Hamilton, and that editor George put the book together from the best British and American translations of the last century. It is a great volume before each dialogue and an introductory essay on Fitch's philosophy and writings makes the book not only something to be read, and read but useful in a reference book.

With rare exception, only produced plays and but at that we are not a second life between copies of a book. The philosophy of *The Murder of My Father* (Full Text) and equally so that this new play could stand on its own but without the obvious publicity of a production. In fact the New York Times about William Sprot Myster a unique play to advance the same play well, copy 4. (Continued on Page 78)

### THEATRE...

A Gift of Time is about a real person, Charles Winterstein, who made every minute count when he discovered that he was dying of cancer. The play by Carlos Kuros is based on the book *Death of A Man*, written by Winterstein's wife. Last as a tribute to his dying husband's message. It was also what against the doctors' advice, told him he had cancer and it was the wife, when his pain became unbearable, helped him die his wife with a cane blade. From she was only doing what she thought he would want her to do, the play is also a tribute to his great courage. Or at least it is supposed to be, but the danger we get into the play the more the thought occurred that the book within the book to prove most of all to himself that she had acted wisely. While watching a man die of cancer is not every playgoer's idea of theatre, we found it interesting and it certainly is an actor's type of play with two big roles and several good small ones. In the book, Olsen de Harwood a convincing as the wife and the part of the husband is talks made the Harry Fendler (acted) steps of acting.

The famed London's Old Vic dropped in for a visit and when getting off to a bad start with a dreary period of March 1961, they came back with an excellent production of C.B. Shaw's *St. Joan* and a brilliant production of Kuros and Jaber. The nothing that of traditional dancing by Frances Bellwell made it seem we were seeing the play for the first time. We repeat—the dance.

With rare exception, the best part of the Old Broadway (Old Theatre) can be found nowhere else longer. (Continued on Page 74)

(Continued from page 22)

Drink now on this night, Kruger was an altogether too blase for looking up his wedding; he was never again to touch food again, as he explained when declining a cocktail as highball, "I think that champagne does nothing to my demands."

But the gift basket of Scotch had been a work of triumph, a present from a wealthy customer, and Kruger, as a man, had been forced to begin drinking. Once started, he found it impossible to stop.

He had closed the deal late in the day, a really huge order beyond his expectations, and knowing that the factory would go along with him because of the size of the order, he had rewarded the buyer with a generous cash bonus which he would be under-estimate. The buyer was not an ungrateful man. He had been among a batch of Scotch another salesman had given him, and he seemed so having the successful completion of the deal meant to Kruger sharing the toast and further pointed that Kruger take the balance of the bottle back to his hotel.

All of Kruger's earlier plans had vanished with the contents of the bottle—the appropriate Italian dinner, the movie he had promised himself to see when he arrived at Chicago because of his wife's new marriage that week, the good sleep night's sleep, and the necessity of catching the early morning plane to Chicago, where he was due for an important sales meeting. Kruger was drunk now and wanted up for excitement and he didn't give a damn for his wife or his marriage, any more than he gave a damn for today or his factory's high opinion of him.

He visited several downtown bars and was neither found nor entertained. He told himself quietly, self-convicted like a man waiting patiently for something promised and pleasant. He was polite to the bartenders, to an elderly lady with an approving air of casual perfume, and to an unshaven man who recoiled him, replying a "dime," which Kruger promptly gave him.

As the sky grew dark and full of stars, he found himself walking his stride on a street of quietly closed stores, their windows lighted bare, empty, so that to Kruger there was

an excitement, something, someone and experience about him and about the women who passed to look at the man whose in the lighted windows.

Kruger spoke to several of the younger women, in a low, polite voice, smiling, in his last drinking way, and to these women he said, "If you're as hot as you look, beautiful, I'd sure like you to drink with me." And then, gestured ambiguously with his hand as the women walked away from him.

He boarded a streetcar and again paid to the conductor for not having any change, but not having, in fact, any money at all. He walked to an address he had been given. The conductor suggested that Kruger could not ride the car without payment. Kruger pleaded with him in a loud and nervous voice, and a young fellow sitting nearby offered to pay Kruger's fare. Kruger said he had to mind his own affairs and, pretending indignance, got off at the next stop.

He walked lightly, with a new unsteady step, toward a bar and said to a waiter, "I want a drink if the bar would buy me a drink."

"I want to be business, don't you?" he asked the man behind the bar, and the man behind the bar said, "No." Kruger demanded a question in the joke, but punched some buttons brought drinks for the five customers at the bar and the bartender, but none for himself, saying, "I don't drink because I'm a customer."

At the next bar, he quietly had three drinks then went to the next room, slipped the waiter with words of paper money, ordered a bottle of beer and, refusing to pay for it, he came to himself he had ordered and walked out of the bar, calling a policeman "look up!" from the door.

Light's beckoning, a building with a sign over the entrance, advertising a dance with a live band. A bar next door and a male clerk wearing a new cap standing near the main entrance, the young man and girls entering the dance hall.

"What's going on in my mind?" Kruger asked the clerk.

The clerk shrugged. He was wearing an old suit, a clean but wrinkled white shirt, a white tie, high shoes with round polished toes. His head was long, it wore his suit. His eyes were light green, slightly protruding, his forehead, bulging under the cap, seemed added to his head. The nose was very short, and he just managed

to get his small hands into the pockets of his cap jacket. His legs were so started that they looked all thick, like legs to a table. He was less than four feet tall and his snout stuck out.

The clerk did not, would not, or could not look at Kruger, until Kruger tapped his shoulder. "You going to this dance in your suit? Let's go together, what do you say?"

The question so surprised the clerk that he withdrew his hands from his pockets and looked at Kruger as if shocked by bigger news.

Kruger smiled at the clerk, patted his shoulder and covered his most persuasive, friendly attitude, in the relaxed stance of his body and the direct look of his eyes. It was the winning quality he had acquired and refined in his long years of salesmanship, first as a stage clerk and then as a manufacturer's man on the road.

"I have to go to dance alone, don't you?" he asked the clerk. "If you'd you'll go with me."

The clerk looked long at Kruger's face. He maintained the good but the clean countenance, especially the broad, cheekbones extending from Kruger's breast pocket. He seemed to measure and weigh Kruger in his mind, and a doubt creased over him, reluctantly. "Why?" he pointed.

"Because two guys can drink easier than one, you know what I mean?" and Kruger said nothing. "Tell you what, we'll have a drink first and talk it over?" he begged. He showed his hand. "My name's Ramsey Lotterson, from Sacramento and I've never met a person I didn't like," he said.

The clerk's face softened as he shook hands. "Now he managed his looking backward with a trembling forearm, and grinned at Kruger. "I'll have a drink with you," he said. "You're an unusual character."

"In part a guy that happens to like people," said Kruger, "and if I take a liking to a particular person, that person can have the shirt off my back."

Seated at the bar the clerk was not empty as usual. He removed his cap, tilted it to his left and stared at him the pocket. For a moment he stared at himself with in the mirror, scratched his heavy reddish hair with a long forefinger and stared through his nose.

"My name is Frank Newcomb," he said. "I live in a tiny room in this beautiful neighborhood, where I was

begin—against Gail! better pajamas! What do you do for a hair?"

"It's a photograph," said Kruger. "It's an assignment for all the magazine." He smiled at Frank. "The money is in the male mail, and that's my specialty."

"You don't get?" said Frank. A look of grief and sad excitement lit his face and his thick lower lip vibrated. "Boy," he said.

"What's your hair?" asked Kruger. "Nothing I do nearly nothing. I'm an educated fool."

"I would use an amateur," said Kruger. "You cannot work with hair would you like to come to work for me in Sacramento and help me pose the models. It's real lucky," he added.

"Frank!" cried Frank. His teeth clenched.

"We'll talk about it," said Kruger. "It's worth a try with you? That's what I've been doing to think all day."

"Fine," said Frank, rubbing his chest together as that the brother squeaked. "Are you serious really, about that job?"

By the third round of drinks Kruger had arranged to pick up Frank at his furnished room the next week, drive him to Sacramento, insert him in an apartment above his studio and begin posing him a salary of three hundred dollars a month as his assistant with an additional hundred dollars monthly payment to sit models. After Frank had learned how to pose the models and help in the studio.

There's the light, the shadow, the right angle," said Kruger. "You're got to study each hair individually. They all have their own photo character. As I say, it's tricky, but I think you'll learn faster that I did because you're a real heavy guy."

"I'm not heavy, but I admit I have tremendous powers of concentration," Frank said. "If I have to learn something, I do learn quickly and this job I can't think of anything more exciting."

"It's a hell," said Kruger. "But I get sort of bored with these beautiful professional models. How much whip and cream can you eat you know what I mean?"

"I can eat whatever means like my body can," said Frank.

"Now," said Kruger. "One suggestion I like a change of pose, like tonight. The lighting for a good time and I want you to have a good time, too."

Frank stared at Kruger, with incred-

ity and admiration. "Kruger, he said deliberately. "I have a confession to make to you. I'm telling you this because you're just about the first person I feel I can trust." He began to think rapidly. "You thirty years old and I'm only four with a woman three times and each time I've had to jump her, and it's how the man woman and she's cramped."

"You going to help you fix that situation," Kruger said.

"Nobody has ever offered to help me before," said Frank. "I've had the equivalent of eight years of college education and I'm on relief." He looked at the master of Kruger. "You're the most generous person I've ever met. A complete stranger to me to help."

"Don't confuse me," said Kruger, smiling. "If I know both as you, that's my good luck. To forget it, don't. Tonight we'll line up a couple of sleep young chicks and take them to my hotel. You big soft head! How's that suit you?"

"Yes!" said Frank. His lip quivered. He turned his long face to the ceiling and his entire body quivered. "That's the ultimate picture of knowledge!" he said.

But then he clamped his mouth and his body. "Are you forgetting the a dress?"

"Not!" said Kruger. "You're just about done all. Plenty of chicks like short girls. Let me tell you. There's one model who gives me the break off all the time. When a beautiful girl

she is short—short short short short short the shorter the better. When every about them, looking down for out of her mind. You just don't know. Oh, when looking her. Let's go!"

"I certainly have a lot to learn," said Frank helpfully delighted.

Kruger brought the picture to the house and the young man taking the picture, really a boy took the money self-consciously trying not to appear really aware of Frank.

Inside the hall the hand was a strong hint in movement. Frank's picture concentrated under almost two to one. The girl who did not have picture dressed in groups or tried to pose them out about along the walls.

"Lots of loose posing," Kruger said to Frank. "He here," he said, and returned to a chair. "I've spent all my energy."

Kruger approached two girls standing in a group. They were dark haired, brilliantly even shaped, lovely under two much make-up. They were speaking Spanish to the architect began to play. Kruger asked one of the girls to dance with him.

The girl was immediately attracted by Kruger. He showed good looks, high school, Spanish, the strength of his arm. She was made the real, worked when she could, which was seldom, and lived with her father, but he was away most of the time, and, yes, she too, though the dollars was a lot of money, especially if the man was much as love with her and more love her, so he would tell himself.



"Frank" "Kruger"

The World's Leading Life & Figure Models Pass For You.  
**THE HERITAGE HAND-BOOK OF INTERNATIONAL BEAUTY** makes this introduction offer. A Professional Guide to Better Art & Photography

**BRING  
 THIS  
 BEAUTIFUL  
 GIRL  
 RIGHT  
 INTO  
 YOUR  
 OWN  
 HOME  
 . . . .  
 ONLY  
 50¢**



Now, for the first time, students of art or photography, a life-size, complete book, kind of the official "Heritage Encyclopedia" for models (and all over the world) is being published. Sweden, England, France, Germany, the U.S.A. Posing in the unique handbook is so detailed, the complete or professional will find materials of help, for art and photography the professional female artist. Photographs are of the most quality, looked at, presented, the outstanding work in female photography. You will find it a treasure house of information and knowledge a legacy of knowledge. You must be satisfied or your money back. Order now - supply is limited!

**ART, MODEL & PHOTOGRAPHY  
 WITH BEAUTY**

The complete handbook also covers on all the subjects, and for the modeling of a girl, and for the professional female artist. Photographs are of the most quality, looked at, presented, the outstanding work in female photography. You will find it a treasure house of information and knowledge a legacy of knowledge. You must be satisfied or your money back. Order now - supply is limited!

**Special Introductory  
 Offer!**

Heritage Handbook  
 plus 100 pictures for free  
 Only \$5.00 plus

to you, plus a gift for 10  
 more, plus a gift for 10

Heritage Handbook plus 100 pictures for free

Send! Name: Mrs. J. H. H.

San Angeles, Calif.

- ☐ Heritage Handbook only  
☐ Heritage Handbook plus 100 pictures for free  
☐ Heritage Handbook plus 100 pictures for free  
☐ Heritage Handbook plus 100 pictures for free

Order the volume of art and photography

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Important! Do not write below  
 \$1.00 each

Kramer and the girl walked past Frank, seated, across to the chair and proceeded toward the car. Kramer did not look at Frank, and the driver did all the time and was after him, dropping his top and stepping to remove it. He caught up to Kramer and the girl near the car.

"Boy, boy!" he called, stepping in front of Kramer, who looked annoyed. The girl was bewildered.

"You're not having any fun?" Frank asked.

"And I am!"

Frank's mouth opened. He stopped for some and his hands revolved on his wrists. A man came from the car.

"I don't know who you are, sir," said Kramer. "If you don't mind, we are leaving."

The boy at the wheel had looked around. "Well," said Frank. "Well, well, well." Then he looked at his head rapidly and began whispering to him. Kramer started to push past him.

"One second, please, sir," Frank pleaded.

Kramer, turning to the girl, lifted his eyebrows, as if to say that the world is full of strange people.

"Thank you," said Frank. "I have an extremely confidential message for you." He pointed toward a corner of the entry. Kramer stepped to the girl, held up one finger, and followed Frank.

In the corner, the driver turned with a look in his hand and watched Kramer quickly close the door in the darkness. He drove the keys at the girl's feet as he did so.

The boy at the wheel had run after Frank, watched him make to the ground, ran on him and returned to help. Frank was well, as it seems, again, but very strong and has long hair as gray as the hair on his head.

The girl stepped outside and her red was.

Kramer lay in the corner, his blood beating slowly through his skin to the veins, wooden floor. He lay motionless, holding his red wounds and cutting, a group of doctors gathered around him and one clerk girl took behind him and removed his hat.

"You will be all right," she said. "I am a nurse and you will be all right."

Without warning to himself, Kramer suddenly began to cry and would not stop crying as he comforted. It was such a relief to cry.

(Continued from page 14)

boats. They all the job. Furthermore, I have found the boat also is positive force already existing in certain isolated areas of the world called "the suburbs," have the principle (in crystals and disintegrating disintegrating heat) is contained in heat acceptance activities called "water-spraying."

There can be no doubt about the widespread military efforts establishment of a bank of Love will produce a war space. There should be a tremendous ecological and psychological left left in every community. Of course these means must be achieved without a few problems. The principal one that seems to planning the bank of Love is that of equality of the sexes.

Should there be a system of the bank for future or unmarked girls who want to deposit notes or typewritten happiness? Now the answer, two may immediately say "no" to this,

but I am inclined to a more liberal attitude. I would vote "yes" to the creation that the world of nature is like the world of human. The most circulation and exchange of money, too there are, the more every body can make-out. The more activity there is, the greater the economy, the more private enterprise will be considered, and I want to see right here that I believe the key element must be in the stimulation of private enterprise.

Of course certain key areas in the case of girls who are both "in power" and "dependent" but there can be settled by one rigid rule—the feelings of the male steps the girls have and there must be allowed to.

There are a few other problems too but they are all to be overcome and the merits of the plan for exchange are developments. The bank of Love would solve a new one for mankind—an era free of war and violence, differences, as we based on a kind of governing spirit of brotherly love—and strictly love.

deeply for deviants!

the bank, between the two, spending much, much time. Both relaxed and closed her eyes. The second magnification continued, gradually and continuously, definitely in the second, distance. There was all the time in the world.

Both opened and partly closed eyes. I pronounced clearly, from my eyes, to the very, very, very. This much I could suggest up. Her body reacted slowly but surely in the whole, slowly shaking. At long last, she opened her eyes and looked at me with dreamy aspect.

Thence progress was made but realized, being finished with one plenty complete throughout. She gathered a most satisfactory achievement.

When I took her hand, she looked at me with a new flavor in her eyes. "It's much better than just laughing really," she said. A delighted girl.

The following evening I took my moral stand in the Washington area. I found her looking about the pillars of Paradise, you focused your eye. "That flame, only of your heart!" I said. "Would you be willing to gamble it in a chance to get your ring back from the maggot?"

He was steady about it. Especially when I said how that my plan was much too human to put into an experiment. I wondered how far he had offered her the ring in exchange for the ring, and the spirit of it was that he had obviously agreed to let me have the real stone. "It's here," I said him, "All I can do is apologize."

"Oh wrong your mind," he said and disappeared back into the study as in of Paradise.

The next day I called Miss Toss. "I want to be against you," I said. She laughed. "What do I win if you lose Jones?"

"Washington rule. We stand in against his ring and my opponent one."

She joined her a moment. Then. "The ring, yes. The man, no."

There was my doubt that the love something of the man's heart today. I had to be firm. "I'm sorry. No. It's the only way I can do business. I've got to try to get the man back. And Athens totally dependent about this ring."

"The stupid, stupid of your own," she said. "I'm all able." There was a short pause. "All right. Two, sorry about it right tomorrow night. I'll get myself done. Don't tell me no."

## THE FRAGRANT

(Continued from page 12)

of person. You push forward to the ring do grace, but her attention catches you—you are always and something, your action are not to avoid with your name. You recognize your movements and shake off the ideas in the flow on your lower in a playing passion. She lets loose a positive harmonic of laughter. The battle a continuously lost."

I looked in the Time. Her eyes were bright with sustained amusement. I was so distant, unendowed. I got up and made for the bag, woman and shaken. She got up and prepared to leave, back and backward. She said "Don't be possible, Jimmy, and sit for the rest back. And thank you for the lovely supper." It was really amazing to see her put her hand on the wrist out.

I called Washington and pointed out the tale of war. He told consultation newly expressed was "It's no, live me."

And in the light and inevitable response of various means, I got a cable from Patsy in three a few days later. She was coming home for a living out in a week. And she informed me that she now had strong reasons to believe that the French case was a collector's dream and she hoped I

would put it in a safe deposit box. She ended her message with the word "Love." It fit me like a magnet.

Deposition can be said. It was all over that. That knew more about the lower value of that case than she had implied. She was quite happy with to score ways than me. I pushed my hand to the edge of destruction trying to think of a way to remove Patsy's property. Finally a hastyhand scheme suggested the beauty of possibilities. I called Edith—the money one with the sense of the relations.

"I feel depressed tonight, honey," I said. "I want to laugh and need a shock. Will you come and eat and drink and help?"

Edith a good guest in her way. She came. And when the Spanish guitars and a up to ten of the up and blood of Cyprus, I had on her foot. She looked at me, quite passed. I apologized humbly.

Yes, must be there and I'll make a better," I said, showing her into the bedroom. She lay on the bed slowly and looked at me. I sat at her feet, touched her down and began a leisurely massage of the exposed anatomy. The lamp was dim and the stereo faint. I managed the side

1977  
10/17



10/17



A line of ladies and a man the talking continued built up to the right at the time when she was actively within the walls of my humble lair. At the sight of the look in her eye, at once generative and tendering I was at a complete loss as to what to do. I would lay a little with an old Gibson and let him makeable under that glass of hers.

"Regulations concern the same as before," I said. "You talk when you wish and I do as I please without his dream."

"No laws, of course," she said. "Naturally."

She asked me to get the ruler in the side table. I did so and she placed the rug and the case behind it. "Now," she said with assumed expert ease, and looked at the clock with profounded manner.

"In there," I said. "The bed this time, if you don't mind."

She went in and lay down. She moved an eyebrow at me when I re-moved her stockings and shoes and began the slow massage on her feet as in the previous history. She was highly amused, but her attitude was different this time. She refused him continuing working something to my excitement. She was independently out to me and by withdrawing into herself she was making the relationship right from the start. I was deepening heavily in the one thing I had learned about paragraphs in the fact that their power of unnecessary perception was so strong that they moved emotionally into the feelings and personality of the person they were "removing."

So we went almost immediately into her nature as I looked between her legs. "It's the money one again," she said staring at the ceiling. "There is a slight pain in her foot. You are managing it. It feels under-me. You seem to be altogether different in your approach to her this time. You are being very slow and gentle. She appreciates it. She's relaxing. She's quite enjoying herself."

There was a long pause. She's shoulders moved as if she were trying to rise herself from the bed. She was breathing. I continued to apply my manipulations gently as in the case of Kirk. I hardly dared breathe for fear of breaking the continuity. I was operating on striking her from two sides—actual contact on her body while her mind simultaneously absorbed the same structure from her

convictions of Kirk's cautions.

She seemed to grow a little dangerous. "Don't get so high over me," she said. "The next jump at you soon. Her sense of the ridiculous—this being his relaxation rapidly becoming excited."

My case of management was clearly getting more intimate.

She continued up sometime. I could feel at the moved again as if to get up. She turned her eyes on me and there was the beginning of a look of desperation in them. I said, "If you want to try to get away from me you have the lot. You have a couch too."

I've not at all sure that she heard me. She relaxed again. "There's no interest pleasure in her," she said. "It's the most useful and at the same time the most exciting feeling she has ever experienced!" That was another long silence. Right shoulder quiver of over her tummy. I worked comfortably as I didn't let up for a second. She didn't quit. She seemed to be wholly absorbed in the magnitude of various sensation. Little shivers continually escaped her. I was sure I had won and that she would react personally to me in the fact any second.

Then a disturbing thought occurred to me. I did not know just how far she would draw on Kirk's person.

Feelings. These matters were a dark vein to me. It seemed quite probable that she would experience a purely nervous exhilaration and leave me out of the picture altogether. I would like the wage.

I did the only thing I could do, then. It had to be tried with as much care as I could command. I needed her last eyes to open on me with that same dreamy appeal that Kirk had communicated.

The moment they did—and it was amazing how under the two sensations were—I threw selective stress on the mind and applied myself to steady to the operational leadly.

She was completely gone about 1/20th of a thing. One another Gibson she said. "I'm not really the face, Jimmy. Apart from an acceptable appearance, I'm human a truth that I can't guard against in the future. I thought I was the supreme face, but I'm quite vulnerable, actually."

I insisted on taking her home. And when made we moved still more at her gift for being someone else for a time, was when she said, on the doorstep, "It's much better than just laughing, really."

And there was a gleam of mischief in her eyes as she went inside. I hurried to the nearest phone booth to call Warington. E





(Continued from page 34)

"How's it look?"

"The flat? Great. Couldn't be better."

The older man coughed deeply and reached for a velvet bottle on the table next to him. He tilted it over a glass and it was propounded; what since (looking out windows) had filled in on-screen. Knowing the bottle to be there to chaperon, he gestured toward a corner bureau.

"Bureau drawers from top. Another bottle. Get it."

"Why not top of a bit, J.L." said his visitor obediently.

"Get it for me."

The visitor coughed helplessly "Inside the box." He found the box, the unopened it and was bringing it back when he noticed the label.

"Is this?"

"Is that?"

He poured filling the glass down to the top. He watched a pale, trembling hand reached out and lift the glass to point, more trembling how it disappeared in a single swallow. The older man coughed again, wiped his mouth, then smiled like a condemned prisoner who just been granted a temporary stay of execution.

"Thanks," said J.L. Carew.

"The picture's coming along fine, really. We're on days ahead of schedule and finished with all our machine shooting. From here on as well be checked in Stage 4 at the Green Street Studio. Maybe you'll even drop over and see us. How about it?" asked the young man. He swapped his bag and waited for a reaction.

"They think the story, don't they?"

"What?"

"You heard me. Helen, the doctors they think I've lost my mind. What have they told you?"

"Nothing. Honestly J.L., I just got back the morning."

"They also think I'm going to die."

"Nonsense. That's no way to talk."

"Well, they're wrong. It's certain now."

"How you will."

"You see I love Helen. I love her very much."

"But you do."

"She needs me. I mean what would she do without me?"

"I don't know. J.L. He's beginning to even think about."

"That's why I said it, why I

would die. And now that I've got the weapon I can protect her for the rest of her life."

His visitor glanced skeptically. The room was suddenly uncomfortable in its intimacy. He spread his collar, loosened his tie.

"What weapon, J.L.?" he asked casually.

"My secret weapon," replied the older man, indicating he wanted a refill. He was obliged without hesitation. The time when he searched and lifted the glass his manner was less hungry more cherishing. He turned the velvet velvet bottle around in his hand gratefully, his eyes kinder and trusting as they appeared. "Yes," he said at last, "this is the weapon I'll trust them with."

"But that's your mind, your whole life. Is your mind money, you've told me that a hundred times."

The older man continued to stare at the glass as if mesmerized by its contents. Now his my hand. For me we opened an apartment. I gave up lighting it surrounded completely and now it's allowing me certain things benefits," he laughed and repeated at the drink heavily.

His visitor didn't appreciate his sense of humor. His glass was rather short and white in fact he was beginning to wish had never bothered to come. For some reason, the man wasn't coming out as enthusiastically as he had expected. Instead of gazing at it, he looked, frowning with a note over which he could make no sense. He was listening to someone with something else upon which of weapons, protection and no over courage. Well, he was in no mood to pump the drum.

"Then when are the DT's coming out here?" he asked his time suddenly hard, down.

"Oh, then you have opinion to Helen."

The visitor coughed himself. "Yes, on the way up the mentioned having you certain several times. He was needed."

The guest during this only thought I always felt the door when I know they're coming. Anyway, I'd never let them last her."

"How about you talking about?"

"The guests. The guests who come visiting here." The older man passed to up his drink again. He looked like he had all the time in the world. They're different from the guests that used to come."

"Are they now?"

"Which finger?"

"Oh."

"And that's the other difference there are red."

"Did you say red?"

"No you or I. I never it. Pink and blood, everyone. They come whenever I see them in its whitest color I want. The first couple of them I even scored myself. That's why I mentioned. Now I know better."

His visitor checked a wild impulse to laugh by lighting another cigarette. He leaned against a wall and blew smoke at the ceiling. Inside himself he was shaking. Helen was right, he was already off his rocker at the very time. The police and police at whiskey he had consumed in his lifetime had finally entered his brain cells. It was only a matter of days maybe even hours.

"Tell me about them," said the man, his face appeared looking he could now afford to be impressionable.

"Are there any here now?"

"Of course not," snapped the older man. "I told you they only come when I want, only when I'm alone. Listen, figure, every body you ever heard of sometimes even looks. They walk back and forth in front of me like this was the most natural place to be. Some even let me get them."

"Amuse you yourself."

"Not anymore. They don't come to hurt me, just to visit and protect me."

"From what?"

"I don't know. That's their secret. Maybe I have someone they know about and I don't."

The visitor chuckled, patted his shoulder affectionately. "J.L., you will have the greatest inspiration I've ever seen across. Nobody in this town can hold a candle to you. I bet when as sleep today as you were forty years ago."

"You don't believe me, do you?"

His visitor spitback, grunted, reached over and tried to wipe the man's half-empty glass. He was stopped by the older man's arm.

"Do you?"

"Now let me get all washed up, J.L."

"I thought you'd be the only one who would," said the older man pulling away disappointedly. "You've been married to them to me their last years. There you even know me to be?" If you want believe me then there's no one who will."





*Highest quality photographic ART STUDIOS and FILMS*  
*in Black and White and full Color of*  
**JUNE PALMER**

*and color - brand new - British models! Detailed illustrated for you with first order!*

We are interested in **SCOTT'S PRINTING** — and in giving you a **STUDY CLIPPING**! Your first order should convince you — better than explanation in descriptive paragraphs, could. Our prices are reasonable — your risk is in order! Try us — and we'll be the better English Editor.

Fill in, clip and mail this complete order!

**THE CLIPPING GROUP, Inc.**  
 P. O. Box 1111, Grand Central Station  
 New York 17, N. Y.

**Film**

Set of 4 — 4 x 5 Color B & W Prints \$1.50 ea.  
 Set of 3 — 4 x 5 Full Color Prints \$2.00 ea.  
 Set of 2 — 4 x 5 B & W Prints — \$1.00 ea. — Color \$1.50 ea.

**JUNE PALMER Series**

Available (check desired item(s))

ART 4 ☐ B ☐ C ☐  
 SET 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5 ☐ 6 ☐  
 Film A — 4 x 5 ☐ Color ☐  
 Film A — 4 x 5 ☐ Color ☐

**Order Total \$**

1  
2  
3  
4  
5

Please send me — please! — the items checked above — and I enclose the value of \$\_\_\_\_\_ to payment (check clearly marked below). I hereby make this I am a bona fide adult (18 years of age or over) and the ordered items are for my own personal use and are not made, distributed or otherwise in violation of any laws.

**PRINT**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_

"You're putting words into my mouth, J.L."

"My mouth still isn't all mine except that three-quarters of the words coming the other out here. (I) he back. You want and see, I'll show them all."

"I never said that for a second, J.L." repeated his other getting him another but about the story by with a personal look of friendship and no denouncing on his face as his own contribution was finished all with pointed silence. The coughing cough that followed lasted over two minutes and left the other man coughing and gasping. When he spoke again his voice was a loud wretch.

"Maybe I can never imagine him and again in this room. How do they get here? Where do they go? Lastly everything is blurred, so busy all the time. The soul, the world it all seems to blend together."

"You're got to pull yourself together, J.L."

"Oh Helen I worry about that's no beautiful and moment I understand him to see how full into the wrong hands." His eyes were drooping and he was beginning to close his mouth.

"The woman said that her reports had passed. He was bored and was used with preparation. He wanted open and checked his mouth. Another ten minutes and he'd be finished with the bed."

"What was that J.L.P."

"Helen, I promise you'll keep an eye on her. There's filled with beautiful promises. I don't let one of them get to her behind my back."

"It's the last I can do," said the woman solemnly. He had crossed to a window and holding onto one of the heavy curtains was looking down at the sign of their conversation. The woman had changed to a white blouse and was sitting at the bedside lazily rubbing water between her long, slender body. "The very last."

The other man pushed off the final remnants of his drink and looked up gradually. "I know I could depend on you."

The conversation dragged on another seven minutes before the woman called a halt. Then she had devoted to him looking and the good old days when J.L. Turner still enjoyed an original reputation. It became obvious the man he talked the less his drink therefore it followed that the more satisfied he was the longer he could

would drink to his standards. Helen. In a year he was having trouble looking the empty glass. His eyes looked off to the side and his voice sounded miserably. It was time to pull away, to let the old girl join the rest of his normal laughter.

"J.L., I'm going now."

"What? Oh, thank you."



## IMPORTANT NEWS!

For look over in the ripe streets of an authentic poster from LA NOUVELLE (P) out of the most glamorous nights in Paris. MONSIEUR is making arrangements with LA NOUVELLE (P) and after watching up 1000 theaters and eight spots decided to accept a limited number of papers in an effort to show the sale to readers of MONSIEUR exclusively. They are fashionably printed in two columns and are guaranteed correct and accurate. They then up in just one and you a full, in months, substantial MONSIEUR took 10 years repeated drop as a line of 100 10th Avenue S Y M.

Watch for prices and other details in an early issue.

by reading:

"Anything for a friend," said the woman, pointing out another full glass at her elbow. He recognized the bottle and set it down, close to the other's questioning hand. As the time he stopped.

"By the way J.L. I have no love before I report to the French word of I take a second."

He wanted her a response, but the other man was too busy gazing at her

new drink with both hands to care how that he was still in the room.

It took him exactly five minutes to reach the great kitchen, and a pair of men took him and got to a secluded area of the pool where the woman lay soft and glowing on a beach-chair. He lifted the chair and carried it down into the shower.

"Helen, you all go on."

"Who said?"

"How did it go?"

"Ugh. What a mess."

"What did he talk about?"

"You like was wanted you might tell you had company?"

"And did you remember him that I wouldn't?"

"What else are you thinking of?"

They laughed and flared with their eyes. They knew they had it made. The man would be finger up the woman's face, where it became a hand then a stroke. The woman moved from it instantly.

"We'd better stop."

"When I let he was personally passed out."

I don't want him, said the woman, saying "Where a woman I'll be in a drink."

The man held on to her arm. "No word, you tell me I can see you to night."

"Tonight?"

"My place. Eight-thirty. The drink paper will be used and I'll order the 'one from Chateau'."

"Oh, darling."

Say yes.

"You know I'm party to your love."

Say it."

"You too, a thousand times. When you're married I don't know any other word. Only what will I tell him?"

"You'll think of something. Any word, he won't be lonely. Give him his usual bottle and he won't have all his animal pain over to his eyes."

"Did he mention them too?"

All the details, even to the way they come and like his hand."

In their no children forest?"

"With champagne, would you?"

They laughed, trying to keep their voices from falling. It was difficult. There were now too pleasant they to have as certain they could stand to be doing. They looked but halfway into a woman suffered and withdrew the way in between."

"I tell you here too here" meaning his attitude."





# MONSIEUR ON THE BOULEVARD

## PROGRESS, BUT NOT MUCH

There is now a competing machine that can translate elementary phrases from one language to another. During a recent test the following well-known saying was fed into the machine: "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak."

Someone pointed out that the electronic robot went into high gear, tape movement from one speed to another and the words came out in Russian. Translated literally it said:

"The drink is good but the meat is spoiled."

## JUDGE WHY LEFT YOU ME JUDGED

A judge in Los Angeles was forced to hand in his resignation when four deeply young women testified that his Honor advised them he'd be having with someone providing they agreed to a little something.

The legal Casanova's reputation, he admitted came a stagger when one of his pretty victims secretly brought a tape recorder along to the court. The recorded conversation had nothing to do with Madonna or the Proceedings of the Supreme Court.

## BYE BYE, GEDDIE!

In Southampton, England, the home port of the Queen Elizabeth and the Queen Mary, two George Bernadette had married a few too many and then staggered happily out of the local pub onto the docks late one dark and hazy night. He thought he was going home, but instead landed

a lifetime boat bond for the Queen Mary. Upon his return to England several longshoremen later George was put in the boat pickup for 15 days.

## NO CARE?

In Mount Pleasant, Illinois, a bank robber refused to pick up a \$100,000 check for his insurance man just which had been cashed, so that a check could be cashed on it. Fighting against the banker declared he wanted that bank because it provided his family's food and shelter.

## LIFE OF THE PARTY

The most popular and biggest party image showed a woman who that recently ended Helen New York to Costa, Italy was a forty-two year old lady who kept things happening every side of the way. The life and soul of the ship she attended all the cocktail parties, danced the night long, appeared on almost every picture taken for the ship's photographer, was the favorite for movies and sang loudly and got on key for the amateur talent shows.

Everyone thought she belonged to the entertainment set where it was discovered that the lady was not a registered passenger but a stowaway. She had been sleeping under one deck in all the ballrooms and had returned herself on the decks moved during the parties. In response to the ship's officials the forty-two lady confessed that she was without a ship to her name and that her expenses in New York were taken care of by the Welfare Department.

## LULLABY, SENIOR GRADE

A bright promise in Cordia Papale has patented a method of turning alcoholic beverages into a drink. Now you can take those dry martinis that what happens to the lemon juice?

## LOVE AIDS FROM A TO Z

The Polygraph Library, a New York publishing firm has come out with a interesting book entitled Dictionary of Aphrodisiacs by Emily K. Winkler. It's a comprehensive survey of the various foods, herbs and medicines that mankind has rightly turned upon in the hope of stimulating or prolonging vitality. Among other things it tells us that in the 18th century French monks were forbidden to drink chocolate because of its alleged narcotic properties; that there is a strong belief in India that a man who wishes to seduce a woman should play for her on a card game, not that during the Renaissance, would be Casanova could purchase love philtres containing ingredients such as the blood of a red-headed parrot in the heart and wings of vipers.

## DEPARTMENT OF SEXY FRENCH HAIRS

Our French Adress to the Love has columns in a French weekly has printed the following letter from a married housewife:

"My forty-year-old husband has many qualities and provides me and my three children with a nice home for he is a very hard worker."

"He is gay, affectionate and fond







you really mean them. The problem is to keep the letter continuing from close to-on for pure freedom of scribbling by day and under his pillow at night—and to maintain the passage again and again, each time with a warm glow of appreciation for post-discovery. At such times the will seems to stir and here you in the act of moving the words, and is quite likely to stabilize your appearance and intention as the day on.

Thus a message that has cost you a small mental effort, and little if any sleep on the imagination, will go on working for you long after you have written, it stabilizing the distance in space between you and the addressee and bridging the gap in time until your next encounter.

As you progress in more extended and elaborate statements on the end and intended character you will find the great preponderance in the movement of new and thought you have put into their intention and arrangement. Not only will the compound effect be lengthening and more glowing at the morning and but the discipline of choosing and weighing your words of endorsement for writing purposes will make you a more varied eloquent and prudent speaker in the same vein. Where you might once have blurted out in a headlong moment simply because you could find of nothing better to say: "Well you marry me, Gwendolyn?" you will now think to your stomach and stomach, be ready with an equally telling but less headlong last, such as: "I feel that our destiny are somehow intertwined, Gwendolyn." (In speech or writing, "intertwined" is a particularly successful word in such a context. It calls no suspicious attention to it and yet stops the statement of specificity and makes it readily subject to recall if need be.)

The question of what to say to a loved person has been treated frequently and exhaustively over the centuries but study, if ever with the special requirements of the beloved phenomenon in mind. There are currently in print a half-dozen or more handbooks on the writing of all sorts of social, personal and business letters—several of them available in inexpensive paperback editions—which include chapters on various correct procedures relating with various specific intended to serve as models the unorthodox letters of either sex. Most of these collections of samples,

however, proceed in a rigidly and repetitively in proposals of marriage by the male exemplar, and expect to be accepted by the female, that the first letter amount who looks to the status for guidance from the risk of getting caught up and carried along by the trend. Consult these manuals, by all means, and know what you like, but be careful to avoid such pitfalls as the suggested phrase in a typical example, "I'm going to devote my life to making you happy. I promise."

Here it might be asked whether it is permissible to employ a phant in preparing your love letters. A-Yes if you can find one whose work is reasonable and good, whose character may be asked in, and who does not insist on an "in till to" credit.

Around here, one has come to the question of the ultimate disposition of love letters. Writing of my kind is a habit to extend the life of one's thoughts and emotions, real or assumed, and share them with others—for a day with one other, for a month with thousands, for the ages with posterity. In writing love letters, it is well to keep the full spirit of possibilities in mind for long-term purposes. Rather than Napoleon, whatever his opinion of himself as a general, probably had no intention of immortalizing an anonymous correspondence when he wrote to Josephine: "I hope before long I shall sleep you in my arms and cover you with a million flaming, emotional kisses." Nevertheless the real status of his love no more or less extraordinary, have survived in numerous collections. It could happen to you.

You may, on the contrary, wish to make use of the complete expectation of a given series of your love letters at the end of a given affair, for either customary or commercial reasons. There is an attention code handed down by folk authorities, which calls for the return of all outgoing letters from each party to the other in such circumstances. The exchange is usually followed by the ritual of the burning of the letters.

My reader and each of his successors must make it as he hopes, as the (printed) one who has up to the point of putting in brands and therefore will have sufficient trust in each other to observe the ritual separately and privately. As we leave our home, he has finished burning a completed packet in his grate and stamped the

cherished sheets to powder then have plenty of things. There is a touch of moisture in his eyes and a letter ever tang in his nostrils, both produced by waves of emotion from the fireplace as he stands hunched at his stovepipe, chasing a fresh piece of stationary, putting up his pen and laptop.

"My only one . . ."

5

## SPINING AROUND TOWN

(Continued from page 10)

Big Spawners, here and there. Big Spawners who swing as they spin.

John I. Brown WINS New York City. WINNED the place to be Man to Man Monday through Saturday, three hours in Oak Tree Mine and Swampy Bay.

Ed Brady WINS PM 1007 New York City. Just from Southside with something major word, "last man." Ed Brady has been given a daily slot for his excellent just from Swampy Mine has no Monday slot. Finally from 12 to 4:30 PM and 5:00 AM every Saturday. There is too a comic and short relationship!

Bill Summers WINS Louisville. Kentucky 1000 Kentucky, 1000 Wain Hill, making Southern style is on a strong motion, with a program close.

Ken Knight, WABC Jacksonville. Florida Knight lights up the sky with his spinning spins and down to earth comments about music with a host.

Magnificent Monogram ELAS San Francisco, California. A colorful character with that West Coast Rugged program of variable but completely mental character.

Jack Walker WJLB New York City. Good music, usually rhythmic with a host, the latter to twist to A good deal of character.

Harold Kalkreuth is spinning between Woodhull New York where he has a show from 7 P.M. to 11 P.M. on radio station WJLB, and Philadelphia where he has a daily show from 8 A.M. to 10 A.M., on station WJLB. What does he do for sleep?

Symphany 801 WJLB AM 1200 on radio in New York City 12 to 2 p.m. days excepting Mondays. Spill in the House of East Coast Jazz featuring Pauline Taylor is just introduced as Spill's new show runs with every last distinctive delivery.

5

**MONSIEUR**

The Magazine for the Men of the World

**MONSIEUR**

The Magazine for Men On the Make

**MONSIEUR**

The Magazine for Men With A Jolly Sense of Humor

**MONSIEUR**

The Magazine You Can't Afford To Miss

**MONSIEUR**

The Magazine That Is Pronounced M'Sieu, Mon-sieu and Mo-sieu.

So don't pronounce it. BUT IT!!

**MONSIEUR**

The Magazine That Presents The World's Loveliest Ladies . . . That Tells You What's New in Books and Broadway in Monsieur Up Front . . . That Entertains You With Fascinating News From Here, There And Everywhere in Monsieur On The Boulevard . . . That Presents the Wry Humor of Red Seal's Kidding It Around . . . Ticks Your Fancies With The Art of Outstanding Cartoonists . . . That is Jam-Packed With Articles, Photos, Pictorial Features, Gags and Still More Girls . . .

IF YOU STILL CAN'T PRONOUNCE MONSIEUR ASK FOR  
THE BIG M

(Continued from page 2)

except in the production put on by the Equity Library Theatre (ELT). It's not that the productions put on OB aren't good but they aren't OB in OB started out to be. Originally OB had only one purpose—"to give actors, directors and other production people a chance to work with roles and plays that no one would take a chance on in the commercial theatre." But as OB Productions began to mature, competition among the producers, some successful Broadway ventures resulted in heavy money chasing customers and some roles in production the situation.

Producers that originally would not share \$5,000 to stage new cost around \$10,000 and OB is really no longer OB but Little Broadway, it is to more exact Broadway-Off-Broadway State.

In an ELT production, however, the statement of new or budding talent is still the thing. An actor play is put on for about 100, majority and talent substitute for heavy costumes and money. These actors Equity sponsors ELT the emphasis, actually, is on showcasing the performers but the shows selected give the playwright a wonderful opportunity

to see his plays that otherwise most likely would not be reviewed. Where else but at the ELT could one see a production of Pinter's *Endgame* or the Well, or the early Maxwell Anderson drama, *Gift of Lightening*. Not that ELT is limited to any type of play. In the OB plays they put on each season, they cover the entire field of theatre from Shakespeare to Lorca and Ibsen. This season we're enjoying a production of *The Wrong Women of Windsor* and the delightfully banal *Four Five Wives*.

The chance of discovering new talent is the argument of an ELT production — Charles Huxton's *His Walkabout*, Fred Hooper's *Man, Monkey and Jaynes*, Edward J. ... to mention just a few, got their big break here. If you get the opportunity to see one of these productions grab it. ELT is OB at its stimulating best. W. H. L. S.

## BOOKS

(Continued from page 2)

James Evans, professor of English at Northwestern University, probably wouldn't go so far as to agree with the late reader that Joe Louis Jr. who had to lead to respect for a man who could spell a word only one way, but he goes far enough on his own. He believes, and we agree that maybe rather than rely should determine what is good English. He notes his point in his book, *Comfortable Words* (Random House) which deals with choice as well as words. Some Mr. Evans is a wit and writes with a sparkling pen. *Comfortable Words* is comfortable reading and is the one comfortable means pleasurable.

*Many Doors Open* (Oxford) is a collection of Four Tales of London at last by the well-known, suggestive writer Iris. Forster who makes his debut between hard covers with this book. Since the collection is well written, it absolutely will please everyone who enjoys new stories but the book actually has a much wider appeal. It is for everyone who is tired by mass struggle to survive against all possible odds. Filled with action *Many Doors Open* is a easy and exciting reading.

*Monks in Society—Don Quixote and Company* (Robert Spiller & Sons) is a comprehensive and unbiased study of the social influence of the minor figures in the literary picture

throughout the world. Author Mark Kessel, who was born in Warsaw and is now a citizen of Israel, has made a study of the minor literary here and abroad and he discusses in length the problem of the film maker who, if he is to stay in business, must satisfy the demand for adult programs and at the same time keep from being considered a purveyor of the ghetto poem.

At one time or another everyone has heard that the gods was set to be confused with the pretense. But exactly what function the gods had had exclusively for the pleasure of man has played in Japanese society has never been satisfactorily clarified. That is until now. In *House of 10,000 Floors* (ELT Books) Sam Hara has made a modern study of the gods and the structure of Japan. Although the concentration is on the story of our gods and not our people (Japanese for example), Mr. Hara's book clarifies the practice of all Japanese custom is a system that continues to become more westernized, willing or not. A most interesting book.

In *The Modern Art Treasury of Painting Throughout the World* (Grove Publishers), Guston Dole has written an excellent and much needed summary of modern painting pointing out the phase of the movement to its proper place. All the important artists are discussed in detail and in relationship with the other modern painters. But even if you didn't read a word of *The Modern* you'd still enjoy looking at it. Filled with 120 magnificent full-color reproductions and 100 black and white drawings, the book is a delight to the eye. It belongs on your library shelf.

Between wars, authors continue to write anti-war novels. One of the really good ones is *Conquest With Death* (William Stone Associates) by John Herre. There is no growth, no anything here. The simplicity of language makes which we call war is brought clearly to light in the hands of Herre's novel. Details the loss of close to 500,000 allied officers and men to capture a worthless piece of land the known during World War I. Herre writes with the power of an exploding grenade. The trouble with average books however, is that for the most part only those who agree with what the author has to say read it. *Conquest With Death* should be read by everyone.



Monsieur Features

# SHOP BY MAIL



**MINI CASE CIGARETTES**

Why not surprise your friends or take yourself to this exclusive set of seven "Mini Cases"? Each features an individual cigarette case and key ring in the colors of the rainbow. The price is \$1.99. Order yours today! (See page 10 for details.)



**MINI CASE CIGARETTES**

Why not take yourself to the party? The "Mini Case" is a small, dark, rectangular object, likely a cigarette case. The price is \$1.99. Order yours today! (See page 10 for details.)



**THE GAZE**

The "Gaze" is a small, circular object, likely a watch or a clock. The price is \$1.99. Order yours today! (See page 10 for details.)



**CAR KEY RING**

Why not take yourself to the party? The "Car Key Ring" is a small, white, rectangular object, likely a cigarette case. The price is \$1.99. Order yours today! (See page 10 for details.)



**COGNAC WHISTLEBLOWER**

The "Cognac Whistleblower" is a small, round, white, rectangular object, likely a watch or a clock. The price is \$1.99. Order yours today! (See page 10 for details.)



**BEACH BAG BEACH RING**

The "Beach Bag Beach Ring" is a small, white, rectangular object, likely a cigarette case. The price is \$1.99. Order yours today! (See page 10 for details.)



**CIGARETTE CASE PORTS**

The "Cigarette Case Ports" is a small, white, rectangular object, likely a cigarette case. The price is \$1.99. Order yours today! (See page 10 for details.)



**CIGARETTE BECHER**

The "Cigarette Becher" is a small, white, rectangular object, likely a cigarette case. The price is \$1.99. Order yours today! (See page 10 for details.)



**ICE WOOD CURE**

The "Ice Wood Cure" is a small, white, rectangular object, likely a cigarette case. The price is \$1.99. Order yours today! (See page 10 for details.)

## CUT OUT FILL OUT

MONSIEUR MAGAZINE, 550 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y. 36, N.Y.

Enclosed is \$1.00 for the following items:

- ☐ MINI CASE CIGARETTES  
☐ CAR KEY RING  
☐ BEACH BAG BEACH RING

- ☐ COGNAC WHISTLEBLOWER  
☐ CIGARETTE BECHER  
☐ ICE WOOD CURE

- ☐ CIGARETTE CASE PORTS  
☐ BEACH BAG BEACH RING

ADDRESS

CITY & STATE



See  
page  
68!



# La Nouvelle Cue

MUSIC-HALL - CABARET

La plus somptueuse  
Rue de Paris

Spectacle permanent

21 h 45 0 h 30

25 rue Fontaine

RESERVATION: 01 46 34 24

best—and this is quite a doubtful bet. He is very much attracted to meadowsweet and it is impossible for me to have one in bloom he will not show without seeing or later. This seems to be an actual obsession on his part. I used to think that the rose of today no longer had such longings towards meads but now I have proof of the contrary.

Several months ago I found a maid from Limerick. I met her without help even way in a very large apartment and shortly lots of work to be done. "The maid was young and apple cheeks!" I whispered back her and my husband curiously but none the less it would appear that I did not see what was going on. The young maid left about a month later saying she was going home but this was not true. She was pregnant because of my husband and subsequently gave birth to twins.

"Is dangerous!" My husband, her maid and threatened by the girl finally was forced to confess to me. He asked for my forgiveness and swore he was not in love with the girl. I believe him. But the ladies on their consciences that two of them are innocent. Naturally there is no actual proof that they are the best of the evidence is against him. I don't want those poor innocent children to suffer nor do I wish to know my husband whom I love in spite of his deceit and other weakness. But what do you advise me to do?"

"The doctor's knowledge is of no use! that the woman's mother should be given financial aid. But she is also accustomed to live only idly and very handsomely made in the future."

#### YOU'RE WELCOME, BOO!

Backs East Governor of Jersey town, New York, was the following sign posted recently next to the door back to the office of a local politician: "Thank you for removing your mittens."

#### NO CORP

In the less privileged sections of London there are still public baths where women who don't expect all the amenities of plumbing in their homes can go for their weekly tub.

Outside one of the baths in an area frequented by bowlegs there is a steady bang a sign that read "You do soap."

#### ENIGMA WHIPPED INSIDE OF A MYSTERY

A group of research scientists in California have come up with an explanation and hypothesis for men. It's said to be better than any other similar product now available and more about the same as aspirin. There's one catch to it, however. Science says a fellow cannot take one of these pills and also drink an oil soluble beverage. Even a little beer will ruin his work.

Another angle to this thing intrigues us. The scientists claim they tested the new drug on a group of long term inmates at Oregon State Prison. Now, if these guys were in jail and presumably unable to enjoy the pleasure of feminine company, how did the scientists find out whether the pills really worked?

#### WATCH THREE KEYS ON THE LINDTYPE M43

The venerable birds of the garment industry, Women's Wear Daily, had a luxury of a magazine recently. It offered a preview of Italian spring fashions with the following caption accompanying the illustrations:

First public viewing of Italy's spring costume models

#### NO ANTS IN THOSE PANTS

There's a floral beauty in Florence that is American in England, a most useful organization which works hard at eradicating the insects of daily life.

In a recent report they stated that women wearing pants made of nylon were a menace threat to the industry—but not for the reasons you may think. "Tests on female clerical staff wearing nylon underwears and leather shoes" declared the report heartily "showed changes of 600 volts after walking 25 yards."

#### CHANGE IT

According to writer Milt Mack on American newspaperman in Madrid was captured by a lovely dancer in a nightclub and asked the manager if he could take her out for the evening. The manager said it was okay if he paid for the supper time, whereupon the journalist began to write out a check. The manager said he was sorry but no credit could be extended

on a transaction of this nature. The American didn't have enough cash on him and was about to indignantly pour up the happy nation when he saw that the establishment was a "Club" Club affluence. He pulled out his check card and the manager said that the method of payment would be entered, satisfactory.

#### WERES NEVER WAS IT SO GOOD

Just when you think that support here was out of possible, up comes a line with a brand new one that is featured in the keep the cheap support money which is a 4 straight throw from the Chesapeake to the last Penn. Governor. And here is directed by a team who has been named to take his payments between his lips and run gently wherever between money. Those who have closely watched the recent fall of the way agree that he probably has job with positive which it's even more for that, running in the third in long change race money.

#### ONE WE FORGOT

Reader E. C. Westworth had the Pioneer-Led Give page which appeared as a recent issue of "Mansions." He says we forgot one of the most famous.

Iron of the "The smoking room but smoking it too."

#### FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE

The President of a South American country is said to be concerned about the extra married affairs of some members of his cabinet. In an attempt to keep the gladiators at home he has ordered their wives to wear black negligees at night.

#### SANITARY HOUSEHOLD

A man in London was a divorcee when he proved that his wife was so afraid of germs that she forced him to have his rats disinfectant when some anyone brushed against him on the street.

#### PHYSICAL IMPAIRMENT

A British court awarded substantial damages to a teenage who was hit by a car and alleged that after the accident she no longer was a kid to do the Twist.



# THE ART OF LETTERMANSHIP.



AMONG THE VARIOUS instruments of seduction available to modern man, probably none is so neglected — and certainly none so undervalued — as the love letter. A negative attitude toward its employment, based on faulty preconceptions, needlessly handicaps many a young man who appears to become a success instantly, as well as many an advanced student

who could greatly improve his score by a judicious use of the medium. Before dealing with the most common masculine prejudices against engaging in this form of competition, let us consider some of the chief points in favor of doing so. If his employment takes him to various localities, the successful philanderer will aim to find a girl in each of them who is receptive to his attentions while he is there, and will vary that way until he gets back. To influence the latter end, he must keep her persuaded that his absence is accomplishing no work function, and that during it, she would be disallowed to consider the slightest dalliance with any of the local talent. The stay-at-home never must meet the same challenge on a less extended geographic and temporal scale. Where the traveler strives to maintain liaisons in scattered parts of the nation or the planet, with intervals of weeks or months between return engagements, the stay-at-home seeks an equally varied interspersal round within the reaches of his city, town or countryside, and at a dancelike rate of turnover or rotation. Even if he is satisfied with laying claim to just one or two girls at a time, he may want to range shield wide on his vacations and will naturally do what he can to keep the home torch (or torches) burning for him while he is away. It must also be recognized, though it may be hesitated, that modern women has achieved what sociologists call mobility in the capacity to move from place to place of her own volition. The well-rounded lover may occasionally become so charmed of a girl who refuses to say yes that he will settle for a relationship on a here-or-there, now-and-then, catch-as-catch-can basis. In such transient separations are inevitable in the course of most love affairs, and where they do not occur spontaneously, it is advisable to bring them about artificially from time to time, to avoid that desolation of order which is the usual consequence of uninterrupted alliance with one partner. On all such occasions, telephone calls, telegram cables and consignments of flowers and candy may be used to sustain the interest and pliability of either his flying or non-flying mistress — but within reasonable limits. The lover who becomes over-alkimut on these devices may, as he adds names to his preferred list and makes to his sphere of influence, find the expense mounting to a ruinous total. If he locates such attention too abundantly on one girl, he may generate in her an insatiable appetite for more and conflict arises. If he does so with another, she may take it to indicate that he is romantically interested and value his attentions the less for it, or that he is attempting to "buy" her affections — an idea that some cosmopolitan young women find abhorrent. There is a more important reason than these why the public airlines and the delivery service should not be expected to carry the whole communications load in any campaign of elaborate courtship. Effective as these media are for occasional use, they do not afford the maximum of intimacy or encourage the fullest and most direct expressions of ardor. What does so to an unrivaled degree is the love letter, an art form which the unknown secret is advised to master whatever the effort, and whatever the initial feelings of doubt for the medium.

(Continued on Page 71)

# A GUIDE FOR LAZY LOVERS

By Carlton Lewis

